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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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A FEW SKETCHES.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 24, 1875.

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A SPRING LESSON.

Last January the Republicans of New Hampshire held a Convention, and laid down a platform upon which all patriotic Republicans could stand. They strongly condemned any project of a third term and the use of military power for any purpose not plainly declared in the Constitution. They showed unmistakably that they did not approve many tendencies that had developed themselves in the Republican policy; and their platform, although sincerely and in the best sense Republican, was independent and reasonable, and commended itself to the sympathy of the most intelligent men of the party every where. The election took place, and the Republicans won a substantial victory. In Connecticut a different course was pursued. The Convention identified the party with support of the very things that New Hampshire had condemned. The election took place, and the Republicans were routed.

There are two things that trouble Republicans in the Northern part of the country; one is the third term, and the other the Southern policy. There is an uneasy feeling that the President favors his own renomination, and that there is a tendency to make the Southern policy too military. There is also the suspicion that the military policy is more partisan than patriotic. This feeling among Republicans may be mistaken, but that it is wide-spread and influential the last year very plainly shows, and the silliest way to deal with it is to invite the faithful to "close up the ranks" and to excommunicate the ungodly. In New Hampshire the Convention was sagacious enough to comprehend the actual feeling of the party, and its declarations were therefore not mere Buncombe, but expressed the frankest condemnation of the third term and of undue military interference. In Connecticut, on the other hand, they virtually approved both. The obvious and necessary conclusion is that the Republicans of New England are unequivocally opposed to a third term and to a ready resort to military power.

There is no reason whatever to suppose that the election in Connecticut has any other significance than that of the elections of last autumn. It is a protest and a sign of discontent. Had the same intelligence as in New Hampshire constructed the platform, the result would doubtless have been the same as in that State. The secession of gentlemen like Mr. D. A. Wells and ex-Senator Foster from the Republican party is not an indication of any serious break, as the comparative figures show. Both gentlemen were "Liberals" of 1872, and represent no large following. Few Republicans would agree with them that a policy represented by that "favorite statesman," Mr. Eaton, is the policy of justice and generous wisdom which the country requires. And while many Republicans have shown their discontent by indifference or not voting, they have not abandoned the party organization, believing it a wiser course to seek the control of the party which they may properly expect to control than to attach themselves to one whose policy and tendency, as the history of the year shows, they can no more influence than the fly upon the wheel can direct the coach.

The spring elections do not in the least degree change the situation. We do not, however, deny that they are full of suggestion and warning. Nothing in the political future is clearer than that if the Republicans can not shake off the incubus of a third term, or establish that they do not seek their purposes by questionable constitutional means, the result in Connecticut foreshows that in the country. While, on the other hand, a general conviction, as in New Hampshire, that the best traditions of the government and the approved principles of the party are to be honestly maintained as the party policy would establish Republican ascendency as firmly as ever. The battle must first be won in the party, and victory in the country will be easy.

PAROCHIAL AND "GODLESS" SCHOOLS.

The Board of Education has received from the Roman Catholic committee of the parochial schools two propositions as the grounds of union with the public schools. The first is that the parochial school buildings shall be leased to the board for school purposes, subject to the rules and regulations of the school system; the second is that the present teachers shall be retained if found qualified, and that the children shall be taught the Roman Catechism in the school-rooms before or after school hours. These are the opening propositions, and their scope may very easily be seen in the light of the fact that these parochial schools are established by the Catholics for sectarian purposes, that they are under the strictest Catholic supervision, that the teachers are appointed as Catholics who can be trusted to teach the tenets of the sect, that the pupils are children of Catholic parents, and that the object of the schools is to keep the pupils from the "godless" public schools.

Now if the Catholic clergy are honest in denouncing the public schools as "godless," it is evident that they can not mean to merge their own in them, for that would be to make their own schools "godless." But if they do not mean this, they intend to retain the virtual control of them. It is therefore plain either that the Roman party has abandoned its purpose, which is not supposable, or that its present proposition is a desperate although veiled attack upon the public-school system. The Roman priests and party intend to change the parochial schools into public schools, or they do not. If they do, there can be no possible question between them and the Board of Education except that of rent or sale of buildings. If there is any other question, and the account of the meeting of the board and the committee shows that there is, it is because they do not intend to make such a change, but, under the form of union, to make the public pay for supporting nurseries of the Roman creed. That, and nothing else, is the precise purpose of this negotiation, and the Board of Education should be aware that the plan is thoroughly understood by the public.

An important contribution to the discussion of the question since our last issue is the protest and memorial which has been widely circulated and signed in the city, and which presents the case against the union with great force and simplicity. The protest asserts most truly that our school system, by bringing all the children of every kind together, tends to produce that common sympathy which is vital in a republic. The school assembles the children of all nativities, sects, and parties, and is itself the symbol of that equality which our institutions are meant to secure. This equal association is an attrition that serves to rub away the little differences which in youth are easily removed, but which in adults become tough and sharp. And this is one of the very things which are most distasteful to the Roman priesthood. It relaxes their despotic hold upon the young members of their Church, who, by constant contact with children of all denominations, insensibly become more generous and free in their religious sympathies.

The protest also affirms as a principle of distribution—if the public money could be lawfully devoted to sectarian instruction—a division among the sects in proportion to the amount of taxes paid by each sect, so that none may be compelled to pay for the increase of another. This is a view not always clearly understood. If the public money could be divided, it would be because of the desire of sects to have sectarian schools—schools to teach sectarian tenets—and it would be only fair that no sect should be allowed to force other sects to pay for its propagation. But this is by no means the desire of the Roman sectarian party which is attacking the school system. The amount of taxes which it pays is quite out of proportion to the number of children that it supplies; so that it is really asking not for an equal and proportionate share of the school money, but for one vastly disproportionate to the amount it furnishes. If the State undertakes to divide citizens into sects, let it do the work thoroughly; and if the Roman party wishes to have public money to pay the expenses of teaching children Roman Catholic doctrines, let it have the exact proportion of the amount of taxes it pays. The proposition is so preposterously impracticable that it should dispose of the whole scheme.

We repeat—and it should be constantly repeated until the Board of Education hears and heeds—that there is no way of merging parochial schools in the public-school system except by absorption. The law is precise and inexorable, and any "arrangement" is but an evasion of the law. If Catholic schools with Catholic teachers appointed by Catholic priests, schools established to teach Catholic doctrines, are to be received as public schools under the school laws and to be supported by public taxation, upon the sole formal condition, which from the necessity of the case can not be observed, that there is to be no religious instruction in school hours, then Methodist and Baptist and all other sectarian schools must be received upon the same terms. And when that is done, the whole system will have been overthrown, and the public schools will have become sectarian. The Pope may well make his Archbishop of New York a cardinal if his priests have succeeded at the end of the first century of American independence in destroying the public-school system of the United States.

THE UNION AND THE STATES.

The Methodist *Advocate*, of Atlanta, Georgia, in a long and careful article upon the situation in the Southern States, says:

"To leave the States to manage their own affairs, without restriction or interference from the central power, is simply to put them mostly into the hands of those who were and now are bitter and persistent enemies of the government, of national union, and of universal freedom and education."

Again it says that when certain papers urge

"That Republicans in the South, being in the majority, ought and must take care of themselves, their advice implies one of two things, viz., that they must submit to the tyranny of the cruel minority, steeped in secession, covered with blood, and ever seeking to destroy the nation, or to adopt such measures for mutual protection as will inevitably lead to violence and civil war. Submission to countless wrongs, or retaliation, are the only alternatives they have when thus left to themselves. They must accept the one or adopt the other."

The rest of the article is devoted to detailed illustration of the conclusions here stated, the whole showing that popular republican government is impracticable in the Southern States. There is, says the *Advocate*, little respect for law, or regard for the will of the numerical majority. "The slave-holding, aristocratic element has always governed here absolutely" in behalf of its own interest. The *Advocate's* conclusion is that the only way to secure government by the people in the Southern States is to defend the majority against the minority, the loyal against the disloyal, the peaceful against the "banditti," by the power of the national government.

The *Advocate* assumes that the alternative is absolute State sovereignty or equally absolute centralization. But it is not so. Our Republican system is composite, not simple. Every citizen is subject to two governments, and the interference of the higher with the lower is specifically provided for; the occasion and the methods are all designated and arranged. But practical government is largely a matter of experience, and it is demonstrated—it is not open to discussion—that the result of a constant and familiar forcible supervision of the lower government by the higher is the destruction of that self-reliance and spirit of independence which are indispensable to successful popular republican government. We certainly do not deny much of the statement of the *Advocate*. We have no doubt of the ignorance among the white "banditti;" their degradation; their contempt of equal rights, of laws, of majorities; their hatred and jealousy of the negro, and their determination to hold him in subjection. Nor do we question the ignorance, timidity, and venality—the natural fruit of the cruel injustice of slavery—among many of the negroes themselves. The mistake of the *Advocate* is in the supposition that an army is a good remedy for such difficulties. "You are to be hanged," said the judge to the horse-thief, "not because you stole a horse, but that horses may not be stolen." Our problem is not how to protect a negro or a white man in his rights, but how free institutions, which are the guarantee of all rights, are best to be maintained.

The *Advocate's* statement doubtless expresses a quite general feeling. But it involves the very grave consideration that in a very large part of the country the American principle of government has failed. The American principle is that of government by the lawful majority. But if the majority must be permanently protected from the minority by another power, the whole system is brought into contempt. The vote was given to the emancipated class that it might defend itself. But if the result be what the *Advocate* asserts, it would be much better promptly to reduce the States in question to Territories than to hold them under the form of self-governing States, but really as military dependencies of the Union. There is, indeed, no constitutional authority to change the status of States, but that authority should be assumed rather than that the very substance of a popular government should be eaten out in the way that the *Advocate* proposes.

The *Advocate* says that the object of the white intimidation of the colored vote is Democratic control of the national government. We have no doubt of it. But will the *Advocate* consider that the policy which it favors, of incessant and direct national control of the States, has so alarmed the republican instinct of the most intelligent part of the country that the chances of Democratic success have been visibly increased? And if the disaster should occur, and that party come into power, the *Advocate* and its friends will have taught it to use all that power against the negro and in favor of the White League, and will have closed their own mouths against all protest. The first necessity of the Southern situation is not, indeed, to leave the amendments practically void and inoperative, and to tip the wink to the White League, with the Democrats, that it may do as it will; but it is certainly not the least pressing duty of all sincere friends of the colored race to teach them self-dependence and the essential character of the government under which they are citizens and voters. If, as the *Advocate* virtually says, the Southern States are not fit for republican government, we deplore the fact; but if they are fit, they can dispose of the "bullying, blustering minority" as New York disposed of Tweed and his Ring. Our system contemplates the interference of the national government only upon extraordinary emergencies. If the actual emergency be constant, it is either because there is really a state of war, for which the Constitution provides, or because a republican government in the American sense is impossible.

SOME VIEWS OF A THIRD TERM.

A correspondent in Texas writes as follows:

"Did you ever consider the effect of limiting the term of the Presidency? Would it not be, in fact, disfranchising the only American citizen, and one who had proven his capacity to fill the place he had been cut off from holding again? and would such action not circumscribe and limit the power of the people? Would it not imply that the people were not to be trusted in so grave a matter, that so vitally affected their interests and welfare? Are not arguments against the third term also arguments against the first term, and all elections by the people? And why not apply the rule of limitation to all offices? Experience has proven that the longer one holds place, the better qualified he is to hold it, other things being equal. Why make an exception in theory or law to this rule in the most important place, and refuse to trust experience and the people? Please 'rise and explain.'"

This government being one of the people, whatever restrictions are imposed upon popular power are imposed by the people themselves; and when these restrictions are wise, they are evidences both of the intelligence and self-command of the people. Nothing, indeed, so strongly justifies the popular government of this country as its self-imposed, wholesome restraints. Our system is full of limitations of the power of the people, the Constitution itself being the first, and carefully providing for still farther restraints. The fixed limitation of the term of an elective office does not show that the people feel that they are not to be trusted, for it is they who fix it. It simply shows that experience has taught them the wisdom of a frequent appeal to the vote. In the same way a provision forbidding reelection merely shows that the people have seen that a combination of circumstances gives men in certain offices such opportunities and power to continue themselves, even against the popular will, unless that will be extraordinarily aroused, that it is better to avoid the peril. The only question is in what way the people will restrain themselves, the self-restraint being the evidence that they do trust themselves to do what is wise.

The extent of the application of any such provision of ineligibility must be determined by experience and reflection, just as the number of elective offices is. The soundest political thinkers favor a distribution by which the vast number of administrative offices are appointive, while the appointing power is elective, and the methods of subordinate removals are carefully guarded. This system concentrates responsibility, and when a difficulty occurs, every body knows where the remedy is to be sought. When the elective offices are very numerous, there is enormous opportunity of fraud, because the candidates for the greater number of offices are necessarily unknown to the voters. It is not at all clear nor generally acknowledged, as our correspondent states, that experience proves that the longer an office is held, the better

qualified the incumbent becomes. Nothing is more observable than the fatal and various effects of monotonous routine in administrative offices, as in every thing else. Undoubtedly, while honesty, industry, and efficiency continue, they should be the tenure of such places. But while this is secured, removal for just cause should not be difficult.

In the case of the Presidency, if there were no party organizations and no patronage, and if the election necessarily expressed the preference of the people, there would be no reason why the President should not be reelected during his life, except for the inevitable peril to a popular elective system that must result from the prolonged continuance of the office in one person. But under the actual circumstances, with the force of party discipline and the enormous patronage at his command, the President has a power over the election entirely disproportioned to that of any other citizen. He can readily force his nomination, and impose upon every member of his party the alternative of voting for him or seeing the party defeated. But even supposing, for instance, that General GRANT should, through the office-holding interest, secure a renomination, and that the discontented Republicans, forced upon the dilemma of supporting him or the White League candidate, should, as so many original Cincinnati men did in 1872, vote for him rather than for his opponent, does not our correspondent see that his election would mean not that the people wanted him, but only that they did not wish his opponent?

The argument is not applied to the second term, not because it might not logically be applied, but because a second term has become a part of the received tradition, the unwritten law, just as it is part of the same law not to permit a third term. Many of the most eminent of our public men have, indeed, opposed even a second term, and Mr. SUMNER proposed an amendment forbidding re-election. The most modern political authorities of weight favor ineligibility. The question, like all such questions, is to be determined upon careful observation and long experience. But the people would no more show distrust of themselves in providing that the President should not be reelected than in providing that the Chief Justice shall not be elected at all, and shall be appointed for life.

LOOKING AHEAD.

MR. LINCOLN did us all good service in advising us not to leap rivers until we came to them. But he never said that it was unwise to consider whether, if we came to a river, we should jump over or turn back. A sincere and in the true sense radical Republican in Mr. LINCOLN'S State asks us a question of that kind in the following letter:

"Is it not almost a certainty that the supporters of a third term, of force bills, of Arkansas interference, and of PINCHBACK—the dangerous elements in the party—will control its Convention in '76? That element will have a majority in the Senate, and will not that majority, under the leadership of MORTON, CLAYTON, WEST, and LOGAN, control the policy of the party, in all probability, in the next Presidential canvass? Then, if they do, would you still advise the friends of reform and good government in the Republican party to continue *within* the party as their best hope? Or would you say that it was best to rebuke that class of men, who borrow their ideas of statesmanship largely from BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, by acting with the Democrats in supporting some such man as TILDEN or THURMAN for President, or a good platform, framed in harmony with all the constitutional amendments?"

We answer the last question first in saying that we do not think any man who sincerely wishes to see fair play for the negro would support a candidate who, if elected, must owe his election to those who have always despised and oppressed the negro, who have steadily resisted every movement for his elevation, and who are to-day largely responsible for the continuance of disturbance and trouble in the Southern States. A platform of acquiescence in the amendments adopted by the party which not only resisted them, but sneers at the principles upon which they rest, would mean no more in '76 than in '72. It would be a bid for power; nothing more. The faith and traditions and practice of a generation are not changed by a resolution of politicians who want place and plunder. Mr. GREELEY was a patriotic and well-meaning man, but he was sustained by all the politically dangerous elements in the country—the elements which the country most justly distrusted. Mr. TILDEN and Mr. THURMAN, however excellent as men, would be supported by all the surviving "Copperhead" forces and spirit, by the White League, by the political Roman Catholic influence, by the ignorance and barbarism of the Ku-Klux feeling, by all who hate the amendments and the settlements of the war, who really disbelieve the American doctrine of equal rights, and who would undo all that the last fifteen years have accomplished. Of course we do not say that this comprises the whole Democratic vote, but the Democratic vote comprises all this; and we do not see how any man who has been a Republican, and who sincerely desires the security and perpetuity of all that has been gained, can, under any circumstances, support the Democratic party in 1876.

Answering the substance of the first question, we say that if the President should be renominated in 1876, or if distrusted influences should control the Republican Convention, there would be a third candidate. That would undoubtedly defeat the Republicans; but such a result in the Convention, even without a third candidate, would equally defeat them. We repeat what we have said before, that there are Republicans enough who, although seeing the consequences of Democratic success, would yet refuse to avert them by voting for a third term or by sustaining men who would wound republican institutions and the national character itself in the name of the Republican party. In other words, they would rather take the risk of a Democratic restoration than of a third term, or of unprincipled and unwise leadership. Such Republicans may be misled. We say only that there are a great many of them, and that to drive them to support a third candidate is not the way to defeat the Democrats. "But if they are a minority, why should they dictate to the party?" There is no reason in the world. But the question is how to unite the party and to restore the old ardor.

ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC FRUIT.

AMONG the unfortunate results of the Connecticut election is the defeat of General HAWLEY for Congress. He is one of the purest and ablest and most experienced of the younger public men in New England, a representative of whom his State could be justly proud, who did not hesitate upon the stump, as in Congress, to oppose all questionable measures and tendencies of his own party. It is an illustration of what may be expected of the Democratic party, that as it placed Mr. EATON, who may be politically classified as Bourbon-Copperhead, in the seat of Governor BUCKINGHAM, so it sends a gentleman who is represented as of exceedingly moderate ability in the place of General HAWLEY. It had elsewhere shown its character in replacing Mr. SCHURZ by General COCKRELL. Indeed, the most careful inquirer will find no authoritative act or word of the Democratic party since the elections of last autumn which justifies any patriotic man in allying himself with it in the expectation that it will promote honest reform or pursue a sound and progressive policy. The only thing of which the country can be sure, in the event of a Democratic restoration, is, as we said last week, *carte blanche* for the White League. That conspiracy would overthrow State governments by force, and, so far as appears from the tone of the Democratic press and the votes of Democratic Senators, be commended as truly conservative and patriotic.

We have elsewhere spoken of the result of the Connecticut election, an event which, as being a very distinct and intelligible warning, does not seem to be an unmitigated evil. But it is a warning in many ways. If it shows the Republicans how they are quite sure to be defeated, it also shows the country the consequence of Democratic success. It fills the Senate with COCKRELLS and EATONS, and the House with WOODS and YOUNG BROWNS and LANDERS. Democrats and "Liberals" are very merry over the "bloody shirt" and the "outrage mill." But is it such conclusive proof of honest patriotism to have been a rebel or a rebel sympathizer, or such satisfactory evidence of political intelligence and ability to have sustained slavery and to oppose equal civil and political rights among American citizens? We are sneeringly informed that the war is an issue long gone by. Is common-sense also gone?

LETTER FROM THE REV. MR. SAMS.

WE are glad to be assured of the falsity of the report referred to in the following letter from the Rev. Mr. SAMS, rector of the Meade Memorial Episcopal Church in Manchester, Virginia. We very cheerfully publish M. SAMS's explicit contradiction, and regret that we were led, by the correspondence in the New York *Times*, into doing him and his church an injustice:

"MANCHESTER, VIRGINIA, *April 6*, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—Your *Weekly* of the 3d of April contained a caricature which was based on a statement that appeared in the New York *Times* reflecting on myself as rector of the Meade Memorial Church of this place. That statement was *purely imaginary*. The colored person who entered my church on the occasion *remained to the very close of the exercises. Her presence* caused not the *least interruption*. If my church was large enough, as many colored persons would be welcome as might wish to worship with us. I am continually receiving through the Post-office copies of your caricature. For the sake of truth, and as a matter of justice to myself, you ought to undo, as far as you can, the false impression produced by your caricature. Probably thousands read *Harper's Weekly* who read nothing else. I ask you to make the correction as early as possible, and to be kind enough to send me one of the issues in which you make it.

"Most respectfully, J. JULIUS SAMS,
"Rector Meade Memorial Church."

PERSONAL.

MR. C. H. LYNCH, a grandson of the originator of "Lynch-law," died recently in Lynchburg, Virginia, at the old homestead, which he inherited. The tree is still standing on which the victims of that code were punished. It has been said that no case of "Lynch-law" can be adduced where substantial justice was not meted to the offender.

—Some fifteen years hence, at the centennial anniversary of FRANKLIN'S death, there will be high ceremonial in Boston and Philadelphia. The Franklin Fund of Boston, now valued at about $200,000, will then be double that sum, when, in accordance with the provisions of the original bequest, it is to be used for public improvements. The fund in Philadelphia, originally the same with that of Boston, amounts to only $46,835. Boston has proved the better manager.

—The late Mr. CHARLES AUSTIN, a London lawyer, acquired one of the largest fortunes ever made at the English bar. He was what is called there a "Parliamentary lawyer"—a vocation deemed perfectly respectable, but which is detested in this country under the odious title of "lobbyist." He was a friend of the late JOHN STUART MILL and a pupil of BENTHAM, and yet in his will he has gone back of all the avowals of his life by "founding a family" and entailing his property. All his real estate is left to the use of his eldest son for life, with remainder to his eldest son on strict settlement.

—Admiral JOSEPH SMITH, who has just entered on his eighty-sixth year and his sixty-sixth in the navy, is the only surviving officer of the battle of Lake Champlain, fought in September, 1814. Since the death of Admiral SHUBRICK, Admiral SMITH is the oldest surviving officer of the navy.

—HANDEL is to be more frequently on the lips of Berliners. One of his descendants, having asked the Emperor to name one of the streets of that city after the great composer, was informed that a new quarter is about to be added to the capital, whose streets will all be named after Germany's most eminent musical celebrities, and that of HANDEL will certainly not be forgotten. This quarter will be a fitting supplement to the one in which the streets have been distinguished by the names of great painters.

—M. THIERS, who was recently appointed honorary member of the Toulouse Academy of Science and Belles-Lettres, has consented to pay a visit to that town, and in a letter to the president of the Academy he says, "Devoting to the study of the great truths all the time that I can spare from public affairs, I am happy to receive the evidences of esteem which come to me from the peaceable and disinterested asylums of science."

—The cadetship at West Point in the gift of Congressman ABRAM S. HEWETT, of the Tenth District, which that gentleman threw open to competitive examination of the boys of his district, was awarded, on the 2d inst., to JOHN F. LUBY, aged sixteen, a son of THOMAS CLARK LUBY, a prominent leader in the Irish National Organization, of this city. Thirty candidates presented themselves for examination, the examiners being General WEBB, president of the New York College, Commodore M'CREA, of the United States navy, and the Rev. Dr. M'GLYNN, pastor of St. Stephen's Church. The contest was close and spirited, and the bright youngster won his battle fairly and nobly. A large number of prominent persons were present at the examination.

—The late SAMUEL HOOPER, who for many years represented Boston in Congress, attached many clever people to him not more by his quiet, genial ways than by his liberal hospitality. An instance in point was his relations with the late WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, who was not wealthy. When Mr. FESSENDEN was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. HOOPER offered him a home in his own house, and so cordially that it was accepted. House, horses, servants, cellar, were placed at his disposal for many months; and when, upon the adjournment of Congress, Mr. HOOPER returned to one of his Northern homes, Mr. FESSENDEN was left sole and absolute proprietor. Mr. HOOPER even wrote from the North to Mr. FESSENDEN, begging him, as a favor, to exercise his horses. "They are of very little use to me," he said. "I am not fond of driving, and I walk much for my health. I rather keep my carriages on the same principle that Mr. M—— joined the Episcopal Church when he came into his property—because he thought it more respectable for a man of wealth to be connected with the Church."

—Mr. BANCROFT'S residence at Washington has had for previous tenants JAMES K. PAULDING, WASHINGTON IRVING, JOHN P. KENNEDY, WILLIAM WIRT, PETER FORCE, and JARED SPARKS.

—This comes from Vienna: It is said that LISZT, the pianist, found himself recently in the company of a number of ladies, who begged him in hyperbolical terms to procure for them "the ecstasies, the artistic raptures, which his magnificent talent inevitably produces." He obligingly seated himself at the piano and played. When he had finished, some of his admirers had fainted. "Well," said LISZT, "I played wrong notes all through intentionally—so badly, indeed, that I should have been turned out-of-doors at any elementary school of music."

—The Rev. Mr. FROTHINGHAM was lately invited to preach in one of the Jewish synagogues of this city. As he is not a first-tribe Hebrew, it is regarded as an innovation. He is, however, a New England man of the very first tribe.

—A Baltimore lady, very pecunious and pious, is said to have remained single until the age of forty, refusing many offers, because she had resolved to marry no man except a clergyman. Recently she married a poor but devout pastor of a little church, and the honey-moon was hardly over before he resigned his charge and set up as a broker with her money.

—An ingenious student of the little things of literature has recently been at pains to discover the crests and mottoes of some famous French writers. The result of his researches is somewhat curious. VICTOR HUGO'S device is "Faire et refaire;" that of MICHELET, the two words "Des ailes;" LAMARTINE adopted "Spiro, spero;" and ALEXANDRE DUMAS, a line not at all in accordance with his jovial temperament, "Tout passé, tout lassé, tout cassé." BALZAC'S signet bore the device "Raison m'oblige;" and that of CHARLES NODIER the commonplace emblem of a heart transfixed, with the original explanation, "Raison le veut." NOURRIT, the dramatic author, adopted the significant words, "Chut! chut! chut!"

—Mr. LAWRENCE, who made a small experiment at statesmanship at the close of the last Congress, had at least one substantial success. For two years he had unsuccessfully knocked at the door of the House for admission. This was denied him until just thirteen hours before the adjournment. He was then voted in, and consequently entitled to his contest expenses, mileage, and salary, which amounted to just $13,000. *That* LAWRENCE was fortunate in not "giving up the ship."

—The Rev. ROBERT COLLYER recently said in Boston that if he were a member of the School Committee, and were asked to give his views on the subject of primary-school education, he would say, "Less study and more fun."

—It is useful at times to "know how to put up your hands." That is the fistic phrase. A few evenings ago several of the young "upper ten" of New York assembled at Wood's Gymnasium to witness a performance of amateur sparring. Many ladies were present. Many people can box; but it is not often that young men like W. W. ASTOR, son of JOHN JACOB ASTOR, Mr. CAMPBELL STEWARD, Mr. W. E. ISELIN, DANIEL LORD, Jun., and such, put on the gloves and hammer away at each other's physiognomy in the interests of science and for the development of muscle. The exhibition is said to have been very clever, and the sparring of Mr. ASTOR with Professor JAMES O'NEILL quite neat, the contest continuing for seventeen minutes, O'NEILL scoring twenty-three "head blows" to ASTOR'S twenty.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

STATE elections occurred in Connecticut and Michigan on the 5th inst., and in Rhode Island on the 7th. In Connecticut the entire Democratic ticket was re-elected. The vote was as follows: Ingersoll (Democrat), 53,785; Greene (Republican), 44,303; Smith (Prohibitionist), 2786. The Democrats have also three out of the four Congressmen. The previous year Ingersoll received 46,755 votes, Harrison (Republican), 39,973, and Smith (Prohibitionist), 4960. The Michigan election was for Judges of the Supreme Court and Regents of the State University. The Republican ticket prevailed with large gains. In Rhode Island the vote for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor was not decisive, and the choice will devolve upon the Legislature. The rest of the ticket was re-elected by the Republicans.

The New Jersey State Senate voted down two Roman Catholic bills on the 7th inst. One was known as the "Liberty of Religious Worship Bill," which provided for the admission to the State penal institutions, for the purpose of the religious instruction of the inmates, of priests and ministers of all denominations, and for worship, by so many of the inmates as desired it, separate and apart from the other inmates. The other bill, which had passed the House, was the New Jersey Catholic Protectory Bill, making that institution one of the State reformatories. It was amended in committee so as to divest it of all State recognition, and when it came up for final passage it was defeated by a vote of 8 to 12.

Another attempt was made in the New York State Legislature, on the 7th inst., to get into the Supply Bill an appropriation for the Roman Catholic Protectory, but the motion was defeated by a vote of 41 to 71. The general Supply Bill was then passed, only ten members voting nay.

Judge James J. Roosevelt, a prominent member of one of the oldest families in this city, died on the 5th inst., in his eightieth year.

James H. Ingersoll, the "Tammany chair-maker," has been pardoned by Governor Tilden, with a view of being used as a witness in important civil suits soon to be begun against various members of the "Ring."

FOREIGN NEWS.

CARDINAL MANNING, in opening the Catholic College at Kensington on the 9th, said in his address that he regarded himself as intrusted with a commission of warfare, for he believed the Church was approaching a crisis, the most fiery for 300 years.

The Roman correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* writes to that paper that the Pope will take up his residence in the United States if it should become impossible for him to remain in Rome, and says: "It was with a view to such possible emergency that Archbishop M'Closkey was elevated to the cardinalate."

The Canadian House of Commons has passed a bill giving Germans, naturalized after a residence of five years in the Dominion, all the rights of British subjects.

Mr. Fawcett's bill to enable unmarried women to vote at elections was debated in the British House of Commons on the 7th. Messrs. Chaplin, Leatham, and Smollett made speeches in opposition to the measure. Mr. Smollett said the agitation emanated from turbulent women in America. The bill, if passed, would enfranchise women who gained their livelihood by immorality. The House, upon a division, refused to order the bill to its second reading, by a vote of 152 to 187. Mr. Disraeli voted with the minority.

The London *Times* Berlin correspondent in a special dispatch says that Herr Sigl, editor of the ultramontane *Vaterland*, of Munich, who was recently sentenced, in default of his appearance for trial, to imprisonment for publishing an article insulting to Prince Bismarck, has been arrested by the Austrian authorities at Salzburg, on application of the German government. It is understood that he will be sent to Berlin instead of Munich, where he was tried.

Nearly all the university professors in Spain have signed a protest against the reactionary educational measures, and many of the students are on the same side. Señor Salmeron, a professor of the Madrid University, and formerly President of the Ministry, and Professor Azcarate, also of the Madrid University, have been arrested. The former has been sent to Lugo, and the latter to Miranda. Other arrests are expected. The government declares its intention of exiling all professors who protest against the recent educational laws or who resign chairs on account of their promulgation.

Fourteen officers who have abandoned the cause of Don Carlos have arrived at Biarritz. The Carlists tried to stop them from crossing the frontier. It is said that General Elio has given in his adhesion to King Alfonso.

The Spanish government has decided to send 15,000 more soldiers to Cuba.

Secessions from the Catholic to the Orthodox Greek Church continue on a large scale in Russian Poland.

By the advice of his physicians, the Emperor William has abandoned his proposed journey to Italy to visit King Victor Emanuel. The Crown Prince and the Crown Princess will go instead.

The public prosecutor at Liege, Belgium, has opened an investigation into the Duchesne plot for the assassination of Prince Bismarck.

The Bishop of Breslau has refused to resign his see. Legal proceedings will be taken at once to enforce compliance with the decree of the court.

The difficulty between Germany and China relative to the plundering of the bark *Prince Bismarck* has been satisfactorily settled.

The French government has sent instructions to its consuls to summon for the last time French subjects living abroad who are liable to military service to have their names registered at the consulates.

"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE."

"THESE FEW PRECEPTS IN THY MEMORY."

Beware of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
* * * *

This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKSPEARE.

GEN. BUTLER ON THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

WASHINGTON, *March* 18, 1875.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 14th, containing expressions of appreciation of my efforts in behalf of the Civil Rights Bill, for which accept my thanks. You further ask, "Will you be kind enough to inform me if colored men are entitled to the privileges of saloons and barber shops under its provisions?"

AN UNENVIED PRIVILEGE.

To this I answer: I understand by "saloons" you mean drinking saloons, and am happy to say that the Civil Rights Bill does not give any right to a colored man to go into a drinking saloon without the leave of the proprietor, and am very glad that it does not. I am willing to concede, as a friend to the colored man, that the white race may have at least this one superior privilege to the colored man, that they can drink in bar-rooms and saloons, and I never shall do any thing to interfere with the exercise of that high and distinctive privilege. I would not advocate a bill which should give that right to the colored man. If I were to vote for any bill on this subject at all, it would be one to keep the colored man out of the drinking saloons; and I hope no bar-keeper will ever let a colored man have a glass of liquor at any bar open for drinking. Indeed, I should be glad, whenever a colored man should go into a drinking saloon for the purpose of drinking at the bar, if somebody would at once take him and put him out, doing him as little injury as possible. He could do the colored man no greater kindness.

PRIVACY OF A BARBER SHOP.

As to the other branch of your question, in reference to barber shops, let me say that the trade of a barber is like any other trade, to be carried on by the man who is engaged in it at his own will and pleasure, and the Civil Rights Bill has nothing to do, and was intended to have nothing to do, with its exercise. A barber has a right to shave whom he pleases as much as a jeweler has a right to repair a watch for whom he pleases, or a blacksmith to shoe such colored horses as he pleases. In other words, these are not public employments, but private business, in which the law does not interfere.

THE COLORED MAN'S RIGHTS AT COMMON LAW.

From time immemorial all men have had equal rights at the common law in places of public amusement, in public conveyances, and in inns or licensed taverns, because all such business was for the public, under special privileges granted by the government. The theatre and like public amusements were licensed by the public authorities and protected by the police. The public conveyances used the king's highway. The public inn had the special privilege of a lien or claim upon the baggage or other property of any traveler using it for his keep; and if any man was refused, while behaving himself well and paying his fare, a seat in any place of public amusement, or carriage by public conveyance, or shelter in a public inn, he had at common law a right of action against the party so refusing. The Civil Rights Bill only confirms these rights of all citizens to the colored man in consideration of the prejudice against him and an attempt in certain parts of the country to interfere with the exercise of those common-law rights, and has enacted a penalty as a means of enforcing the right in his behalf in consideration of his helpless and dependent condition. The Civil Rights Bill has not altered the colored man's rights at all from what they were before under the common law applicable to nearly every State in the Union. It has only given him a greater power to enforce that right to meet the exigency of combined effort to deprive colored citizens of it; and all idea that the Civil Rights Bill allows the colored man to force himself into any man's shop, or into any man's private house, or into any eating-house, boarding-house, or establishment other than those I have named, is simply an exhibition of ignorance as well as, in some cases, of insufferable prejudice and malignity. And while I would sustain any colored man in firmly and properly insisting upon his rights under the Civil Rights Bill, which were his at common law, as they were the right of every citizen, yet I should oppose to the utmost of my power any attempt on the part of the colored men to use the Civil Rights Bill as a pretense to interfere with the private business of private parties. It is beneath the dignity of any colored man so to do, and all acts such as shutting him out from drinking saloons may be well left to the ignorant and generally vicious men who keep them, as a badge of their superiority to the colored race. I have the honor to be, etc.,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

ROBERT HARLAN, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A PRIVILEGE?

WIFE. "I wish *you* were not allowed in here."

THE FLOWER GIRL.

WARD OR WIFE?

A Romance.

CHAPTER IV.

A BITTER VICTORY.

Next to the newspaper paragraph that informs you casually of a relative's death, or the printed form that announces the stoppage of Messrs. Quids & Coppem, in whose hands your hard-earned savings have been increasing for years, there is nothing that causes such a sensation in one's cerebral arrangements as the opening of that common blue envelope, and the reading of those precise and neatly written phrases, by which is conveyed the intelligence of some comfortable windfall or snug little reversion that you have so long given up among other "châteaux en Espagne" of your youth. You look stupidly at the address, you spell over the name. What, is it really meant for that Montgomery Brown whom but half an hour ago an irreverent and beery comrade entitled, with disagreeable veracity, "Seedy Jack?" Does B-r-o-w-n spell "Brown" in very deed, and am *I* Brown, *that* Brown? Is it thus? Can it be?—et cætera, *usque ad nauseam.*

After Captain Tregarvan had taken the necessary measures about the property, and when he had got over the first feeling of intense relief at finding himself beyond the power of circumstances, independent, and if not a rich man still not a poor one, he began not unnaturally to consider what he should do with his income, now he had got it. Glorious indeed seemed the prospect, for he had been through a pretty hard school; he had been compelled to put up with many rebuffs and disappointments since he used to throw his half crowns to waiters, and bet his year's pay on the odd trick. What would have seemed to him then a mere pittance, he received now with deep gratitude. Was it not the means of securing his old age against want, and Minnie, at his death, from destitution? Did it not place him once more among his equals, and restore him to that refined life he had forfeited by his mad extravagance? What wonder, then, that under the outward calm and nonchalance of the old musketeer there lay a vein of silent and immense thankfulness—a feeling prompted by something more elevated than mere delight at the removal of pecuniary and social disabilities? His life during the last thirteen years had been a precarious one, and, to a man of his habits and tastes, irksome and sometimes galling. To trust to the continuance of his health for strength to save him from absolute want; to depend on daily and unremitting toil for means to defray his modest expenses; to live this life without a murmur, and yet know after all that for want of pupils even such willingness to work might not avail him—hardly a tempting existence, after spending a few years with her Majesty's Heavy Cavalry.

Jim had many faults, but his faults had never degenerated into vices. The extravagance and dissipation that ruined him were not prompted by innate propensity to evil, or vulgar pride in outdoing his peers. An easy-going character and too facile good nature had drawn him into the abyss; but adversity had developed the latent nobility of mind which preserved him to his better self. He never forgot what he owed to his order.

It was in his relations with Minnie Goring that the higher phases of his nature chiefly asserted themselves. Few men would have accepted such a trust, still fewer would have had the compassionate chivalry to fulfill it as he did. To keep Minnie as a lady, to satisfy her small wants, to make *her* life, at all events, happy—that was all to him. And that the best education Malaise could give her and money secure should form the mind of his little pet, Jim denied himself many a dinner, and even took to giving English lessons after his day's toil to the more inquiring of the bourgeoisie. The duty of providing for the desolate child had soon become a pleasure to him; and little by little, as the years slipped on, and she grew into a lovely girlhood, Minnie somehow entwined herself pretty securely in the strings of the fencing master's heart, and he began to feel that without her light step and silver laugh his solitude would become unbearable and his life purposeless.

"'And they lived happy ever after!'" thinks Jim, as he sits under the pier, gazing at the moon. "I fancy I see myself lying in the shade of my fig-tree, listening to one of Minnie's songs. What a blessed change after all this drudgery! I wonder what Min will think of a maisonette up by the cascade, instead of No. 15. She's always

complaining of not getting enough of my agreeable society; wonder how she'll like it when we've nothing to do all day but sit nous regarder dans le blanc des yeux. Will she seek refuge in the gossip of old Euphrosyne? Will she get tired of me, and wish I had to go off to the Salle d'Armes with my foils, to shout 'On guard! Straight arm! Lunge!' to some awkward cit., from morning to night?"

Jim smiles as he thinks of what Minnie would say to that.

"And yet if she didn't—if living with me were the fulfillment of her dearest wish, and the bound of her ambition—ought Jack Goring's daughter to waste her best years over here, and vegetate in a foreign campaign with an ex-fencing master?

"Am I so selfish," he continues to himself, pushing at a belated limpet with his stick, "as to put *my* comfort, and, God knows, my happiness, before her interests? And then, again," with a black frown, "I'm not so old but I might be older. Minnie's a little beauty, will be a splendid woman. Can I bear, even in fancy, to hear her name slandered? Could I imagine the slightest slur cast on her purity, and then look at her sweet fresh face, without feeling my very presence an injury? This world's wickedness is beyond the scope of her innocent mind, poor child!" Jim walks up and down, fuming much. "What the *devil* shall I do?" And then aloud, "God confound all scandal-mongers!"

Which pious sentiment having enunciated with great fervor, he fills his black three inches of clay with cut cavendish and lights up carefully.

Then sitting down again on the steps, "It's rather hard lines," he goes on, "to get a glimpse of happiness, and see a little paradise before you, and have to give it up as soon as you realize what you lose. The clouds seem to close in pretty quickly over my bit of sunshine."

His pale face and drawn features show the struggle in his mind.

"And how could I get her what she ought to have—a home, good society, friends to care for her? Money buys every thing, people say. But there aren't many houses where one could leave a girl, for so much a year, to finish her education and be introduced by the châtelaine. If, now, she had some coin in her own right!"

A new train of thought in Jim's troubled eyes.

"If I were to make over the money to her? That would make it all square for her, at any rate. I should have to pay it nearly all away, if I kept it in my own name, to the people who took her; so either way I should have to return to the fencing. God, what a prospect after all my castles in the air!"

Jim looks out to the moon-lit sea, and puffs great clouds.

"On the one hand, living as a gentleman with Minnie; on the other, living the old life without her. And I've got to choose!"

Very miserable now.

"But then," brightening up, "supposing I can't find any one to take her? I should be compelled to give it up; and, of course, Minnie would live with her guardian. Why, I don't believe Mrs. Ferrers herself knows any one—"

Jim breaks off with a falling countenance.

"No need to go farther. If she will consent, *that's* the woman who'll take away my little Minnie. I wonder I didn't think of her before. She's already fond of Min. The colonel's a jolly old boy. They're in a good set, and they're not too well off."

The hours pass, and still Tregarvan sits brooding over his troubles, and putting the subject to himself in every conceivable light.

"It's d—d hard to go back, to give up all this happiness, to part from the only being that loves me; but—"

His lips quiver under the heavy mustache, and he leans his head in his hands. Then jumping up,

"Min and I must say good-by, and that's a fact. And I'll make over the coin to her. She shall never know how it was. That's between me and—and what I've lost."

Some people go on greatly about the pleasure of denying one's self, and the extreme felicity of self-sacrifice. There is, however, a certain admixture of pain therewith connected, which it wants a good deal of self-satisfaction to allay.

Jim had no great store of that medicine, and as he paced the weather-beaten timber felt rather miserable, the truth to tell.

"And so the assault was a financial success?" says Mrs. Ferrers, looking with interest at Jim, who is doing a morning call. "I'm *so* glad."

"Mustn't grumble, you know, Mrs. Ferrers. Place was very full; but I had to pay away a good deal to the performers."

"What lovely decorations you had!"

"Pretty well done for Malaise," answers Jim, just opening his mouth for an oration.

"Such a crowd of people," she goes on, "there are here one knows!"

"Yes," replies the fencing master, fidgeting in his chair, "see a lot of old faces."

"Oh, *did* you observe in the list of arrivals the Duke of Potifar is staying in the hotel?"

"Duchess with him?"

"Oh dear, yes. Dreadfully overdressed as usual."

"Little row's blown over by this time, I suppose, now that fellow, Potifar's secretary, has got a place in the cabinet?"

"He behaved *very* nicely in the affair, didn't he?"

"H'm," says Jim, getting rather impatient, "rather a humbug, I should think."

Then approaching his chair to the elaborate wrapper—

"But fact is, Mrs. Ferrers, I called to speak to you on a topic which is naturally of the greatest interest to me—about my ward."

"Nothing painful, I hope," observes Mrs. Ferrers, considerately.

"On the contrary," answers Jim, "something very agreeable—she's come in for some money."

"Oh, *how* nice! I *am* so delighted!" she says with effusion, leaning forward. "I'm sure the colonel will be *too* pleased to hear it. We are both quite in love with dear Minnie."

"'Pon my word, very kind of you to say so!" he bows politely.

"And is it a large fortune, Captain Tregarvan?"

"No-o, it's certainly not large; but it's a comfortable little income for one of the fair sex."

"You may well say 'fair sex,' captain," interrupts the wrapper; "*I* think Minnie Goring one of the loveliest, most fascinating girls I ever saw. I haven't known her long, it's true, but I am quite taken with her." And then, with enthusiasm, "Oh, I *should* be so proud of her if she were my daughter!"

Jim looks at her, and then is silent for a moment.

"You have no children, I believe, Mrs. Ferrers?"

"No," with a sigh; "none."

"Minnie has lived with me," he resumes, "during the last ten years. I was about twenty-five, you must know, when my affairs came to a climax. I had been in the regiment ever since I was eighteen, and as my allowance was nothing very great, the day I came of age and received my share of my mother's estate I was obliged to pay it all away to my creditors. Well, my father helped me on a bit, and I was pretty lucky on the turf; but then he died, and my brother the present baronet, da—ahem!—turned out a close-fisted, sniveling hypocrite—and I fell into the hands of the Jews, who soon finished me. I sold out and made a bolt over here."

"*Poor* fellow!" says Mrs. Ferrers, forgetting etiquette, and looking compassionately at Jim's sad eyes.

"For nearly a year I wandered about the Continent alone, living as best I could, from hand to mouth, until I got to Vienna. There I met an old pal of mine, Jack Goring, who was serving as lieutenant in the Lancers of the Guard. He used to be in the 9th Hussars; but his father, the rich Viscount Abana—philanthropist, you know, and Exeter-Hall business—cut him off for marrying Miss Von Blumen at Baden, because she was a Catholic. Estate not entailed, I suppose. She was wonderfully beautiful, and they were very happy; but had nothing to live on except Jack's pay, which was hardly enough for them when Minnie was born. I supported myself by giving lessons, and getting a mount now and then at the races; in fact I did almost a bit of every thing, and I think my renting one of their rooms helped them on a little. Well, we lived pretty comfortably and very gayly for some time, till at last one day the captain of Jack's troop said something insulting about Mrs. Goring. I never knew much about it, but the end of it was that they fought, and Jack killed him first shot. Of course he had to run for it, and by great luck got safe to Paris, where I arrived shortly after with his wife and child. Then came the struggle to keep ourselves alive. A sad time, and the poor little woman couldn't stand it. We buried her at Père la Chaise."

Jim stops and clears his throat. Mrs. Ferrers makes a weak attempt to look unconcerned, and scarcely succeeds.

"To cut a long story short," he continues, "Jack worked on for a few months like a nigger; but I suppose the loss of his wife, whom he loved passionately, and the disappointments we had to endure, knocked the dear old man up, and he caught a fever. Before he died he pointed to Minnie, and whispered, 'Take care of her, Jim.' She's never left me since."

Another pause.

"A few days after his burial, I saw this fencing place advertised, and took it on the chance of success. Min was five then; she's fifteen now, and she has come in for a legacy from an uncle of her father's, which will give her about £350 a year. So she's quite an independent young lady."

Jim laughs rather sadly, and secretly wishes Mrs. Ferrers did not seem quite so affected at his recital, quite so interested in Minnie. He begins to feel she will agree with his determination, and, strange anomaly as it seems, to fear she will accept the charge of his ward, an event which he foresees and dreads as much as a drowning man would the escape of the proverbial straw.

"I have been, of course, always anxious about her future," he resumes; "and lately more than ever. But this legacy sets my mind at ease on that point."

"Ah, yes," says Mrs. Ferrers; "it must be a great relief to you."

"But that has not been my only anxiety. She has, it is true, had a good education, and so on; but she ought to have something more. The granddaughter of Lord Abana should move in society."

"True; and marry well, Captain Tregarvan."

"Naturally," with a slight frown; "moreover, the time has now come when it is unadvisable for her to remain with me. She is growing into a woman—our relations are very slight." Jim begins to flounder a little. "Of course there is old Euphrosyne, her nurse, but—"

"I understand," interrupts the colonel's wife; "you wish to place her in the position she is so eminently fitted, both by birth and natural advantages, to fill. No one will better appreciate your delicacy than herself, when she grows a little older."

"And, therefore, I wished to ask you, Mrs. Ferrers, if you knew—"

At this moment the door opens, and the colonel walks in, attired in light and airy checks.

"Hallo, Jim, my boy, how are you? I've just come from the Établissement. Been having a bathe. Wish to goodness one wasn't obliged to wear that infernal costume—can't swim, hardly."

"Captain Tregarvan has been telling me some news, dear."

"The dooce he has! Well, out with it!"

"Who do you think has come into a fortune?"

"Give me a woman for beating about the bush! Name, madam, name!"

"Give me a man for impatience, rather," retorts the lady. "Some great uncle or other has left Minnie Goring all his money. Isn't *that* delightful?"

"By George!" whistles the colonel. "Shake hands, Jim. Congratulate you, old man. Let's drink her health. Where is she? Yo-o-oick forrad! Yoi-oi-oi-oick forrad!" and the old man makes the lustres ring again.

"*Oh, Herbert*," remonstrates his wife, "you'll frighten the whole place!"

"By George, Jim, I *am* glad! There, I don't mind confessing it before Margaret, I'm deuced fond of that little girl. Bless her pretty face!"

"But, Herbert dear, when you came in, Captain Tregarvan was just consulting me about what course he ought to take in her interest. He observed most justly that she ought to come out properly in society, after finishing her education, and for that purpose ought to reside in England with a family of good position. I understand you rightly, captain?"

"Perfectly, Mrs. Ferrers," bows Jim.

"And he was asking if I knew any such people."

"Are you going to part with Minnie?" breaks in the colonel, brusquely.

"Yes," rather husky, "for those reasons."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what. If she comes to England, my boy, she'll live at a place called Holyoak Lodge, which belongs to one Bertie Ferrers, colonel of cavalry, and nowhere else. And if she goes into society, she'll be chaperoned by the wife of that same old buffer, or I'll know the reason why."

"Good gracious, Herbert!" exclaims his better half, in astonishment. Then, after a moment's pause, she holds out her hand to Jim, and says simply, "She will, won't she, captain?"

Another hand from the colonel.

"Now, Jim, say 'Done,' and it's a bargain!" The fencing master clasps both in his.

"Done, Bertie!" Then, "She shall come, Mrs. Ferrers!"

CHAPTER V.

MOVING FOR A DIVISION.

Far above Malaise towers the old citadelle. The pair of cannon at the gate frown grimly down the steep, ill-paved, and antique Rue du Fort, nothing loath to send the tompion that keeps them from bronchitis, and a few shells after it, bang into the crowded harbor beneath. A chasseur de Vincennes paces to and fro on the drawbridge, with his green feather fluttering in the breeze. One just catches a glimpse of some of his comrades lounging about the corps de garde within, and the glitter of the hot sun on their rifle-stand. To the left, before you cross the moat, is a shady walk along the top of the glacis, with a magnificent view of the picturesque old town, the Établissement on the gay sands, the shipping, the long pier, and the twinkling cerulean waves beyond.

Minnie has just subsided on to the grassy slope, and leaning on her elbow, watches Captain Tregarvan's thoughtful face as he stands, like a velveteen statue, both hands deep in his pockets, looking out to sea.

"I say, Jim, supposing you thought a little less and talked a little more, how much superior that would be!"

"Ah, yes," he says, waking for a moment; then sits down, and falls to picking the sweet thyme, and throwing it over his shoulder.

Minnie can't quite make out his subdued manner.

"*I* thought," she continued, with dignity, "we came up here to *converse* about something. The grass of the field doubtless hath charms to soothe the savage mind. But why so pensive, my cavalier?"

Jim smiles, and carefully inspects the formation of a little yellow flower.

"Dee-ar Min no waste more time on grumpy old—"

"I've been wondering," he interrupts, "whether money is a curse or a blessing."

"Oh, you absurd Crabs; a blessing, *of course*. Why, that's all we want to make us perfectly happy! We're pretty gay as we are; but if we had something decent de rente, and could live without caring a snap about any body else, Jim, I should think myself ungrateful to Providence if I didn't go about all day singing comic songs."

With a pained look in his face, as he thinks of what has to come, he goes on, pulling at his mustache:

"And if that same money entailed disagreeable duties—obligations to society?"

"Duties? Pooh!"

"But you can't pass 'em over like that. People would expect a good deal from you."

"Let 'em. Anyhow I'm not an heiress yet, I fancy."

Jim turns his eyes on her, and says, quietly, "Suppose you were?"

"Were a what?" she inquires, naïvely.

"Suppose some one left you £12,000?"

"Dieu de Dieu! don't talk of such things;" and then, assuming a demeanor of much languid arrogance, "By-the-way, Captain James, I must trouble you to run over to London, and choose me some diamonds at Harry Emmanuel's. You know the shop, I believe?"

Jim's only jewelry, a valuable watch, hails from Bond Street.

"At the same time you may order me a barouche-and-four, so that I may ride forth in style becoming my station."

And with a bright chime of laughter, "Oh, Jim, just fancy dear little me, principally attired in diamonds, driving up and down the pier in a carriage-and-four!"

"Comic, but improbable. Now, Min, prepare yourself—"

"What for? Immediate execution?"

"I'm going to tell you something that 'll surprise you."

"Dear me, you don't say so! Any thing *very* thunder-striking?"

Captain Tregarvan is not generally afflicted with nerves, but to-day, somehow, his ward's badinage rather puts him out.

"Well, not exactly. It's worth while listening to, though."

Minnie simulates an appearance of intense solemnity.

"In that case," she says, gravely, "un moment que je m'recueille—five minutes for refreshment, please."

"Do be serious, Min, for a quarter of an hour, there's a good child."

"Crabs, I *know* I shall go into fits if you say that." Then, catching the expression of his eyes, "Why, Jim, pompes funèbres are lively to you! Has any thing happened really? You're not angry with me?"

She lays her hand lovingly on his arm, and looks up at him, as he sits considering how he shall bring out his news.

"Minnie, my little pet, you're a rich girl! It's true."

"So I am, Jim," she observes, pensively, "as long as my thoughtful, generous, self-denying little guardian cares for me."

"Quiet, Miss Blarney! But, seriously, it's a fact. The fortune I was talking about just now is yours, and yours only. I had a letter from a solicitor the other day to tell me the money was ready; and this morning I hear that it has been paid into Coutts's in your name."

The small hand falls back and plays nervously with a golden crosslet outside the white sailor jacket.

"You *can't* mean it, Jim! Wh-what—I mean, who—"

"Your father's uncle bequeathed it to him (God forgive me for telling such a lie!), and, of course, it comes to you. Here, Minnie, read this."

And handing her a business-like letter, he lies back on the glacis while she reads it breathless with excitement. It is very short, and to the point:

"17 Lincoln's Inn Fields, *July* 2, 186-.

"Dear Sir,—Your favor of the 19th inst. to hand. We have opened an account on behalf of Miss Wilhelmina Goring, your ward, with Messrs. Coutts & Co., as per instructions received, and have handed over to them the sum of £12,000 consolidated 3 per cents. We have forwarded to your address the snuff-box in charge of our junior partner, who is proceeding to Paris.

"Awaiting an acknowledgment, we remain, dear Sir, your obedient servants,

"Caysay & De Murrer."

"Jim, I believe it's all a joke."

"God forbid!" he says, with vehemence.

Minnie holds the letter on her lap in silence, with a dazed look in her sweet gray eyes. All at once, sans rime ni raison, she bursts into tears.

"Oh, Jim," she sobs, half laughing, "*how* silly I am! I can't help it, really."

Feeling rather guilty, and very much out of place, as men always do when a woman, however pretty, begins to cry, he turns to see if any one is looking, and somewhat inanely pats her on the back, saying, in soothing tones,

"Poor little woman, I shouldn't have told you so suddenly. There, there!"

"What a fool"—taking the pocket-handkerchief he proffers, and drying her glistening cheeks—"to think of crying like a baby when I get a surprise!"

"Here, Min, look at this;" waving the letter before her, as if he was jingling baby's coral, with an inward wish for the aid of Mrs. Ferrers. "Look at this, and console yourself."

"I couldn't have done worse if it was a lettre de faire part!" she pouts.

"So it is, my pet. An announcement of the sad demise of Mademoiselle Dowdy, and—her transformation into Princess Three-per-cents."

"I can hardly believe it yet, Jim; it *does* seem so strange."

"Why, that's the beauty of it," he answers, sapiently. "If you had been well off all your life, you wouldn't appreciate your blessings half as much as you will now. And then think what an anxious charge I should have had all these years—guardian to an heiress. Ye gods! que de nuits blanches!"

"Is it a *very* large income, Jim?" she inquires, with awe.

"It's quite enough to make most men think very seriously of matrimony, Miss Goring."

"Well, that's all the good it 'll do 'em. *I* shall never marry."

"Whatever you do, Min, don't go and 'be a nunnery,' there's an amiable young person."

By the rule of contraries, Jim becomes sportive in proportion to his ward's lengthening face.

"I don't know how it is, though," she sighs; "I don't seem to feel as happy as I ought about it."

"Nonsense, Minnie; you'll soon view the subject in the proper light, I'll lay. Why, you'll have so much to do, you won't have time to think over the relative merits of print and satin, to compare a Malaise au second with an English country-house, or to estimate the exact ratio in which rose diamond ear-rings stand to their equivalent in crystal, a pair of which last, by-the-way, I observe with pain disgracing your little ears on the present auspicious occasion."

"Don't talk like that, Jim," says Minnie, quietly; "I won't have you think, even in joke,

that just because some money has dropped from the clouds, I'm going to change my way of life. All that I have is yours, dear. The only difference it can make is that we shall be independent. Isn't it?"

Her companion's face is turned away, but his broad chest is heaving with a fierce desire to send his resolution to the devil, and make himself happy with the uttering of one little word. Say "yes," and it is done. It wants indeed a strong will and a stout heart to bring out his answer unflinching.

"My dear child, you know"—he falters with an effort—"you must understand that it is my duty to see that money properly applied, to place you in that position you ought by birth to fill. The first thing is to give you opportunities for the finishing of your education; those opportunities you can not have at Malaise. The next, to introduce you into society; that also, you know, is impossible here. But in England, in a good English family—"

"What do you mean, Jim?" she breaks in, leaning on her hand. "Tell me."

"If you went over there for a time," he continues in a husky voice, "in a family—"

"You were intending, then"—with repressed animation—"to send me away?"

"I thought—it seemed best—perhaps some lady—in fact, Mrs. Ferrers—"

"Oh, Jim, how little you know me!" she murmurs. A moment's pause, and then, her eyes flashing, her breath coming short, she exclaims, passionately: "Can you imagine that I could leave you here to slave away in the Salle d'Armes, and live in luxury and idleness in some 'good family,' to have the 'education' and 'society' that are due to my birth? Education? Haven't you worked like a galérien to give me one? Society? Isn't yours good enough, I should like to know? And as for my birth, what benefit would it have been to me if I were Miss Queen Victoria instead of Miss Goring, but for your tender care and self-sacrifice?"

Standing by this time, and looking down at his hidden face.

"What, a man—a dear, noble, loving man—takes pity on a wretched little orphan, and toils all day and night, and wastes years upon years of his strong life to keep body and soul together, and to provide for every want and whim of this stupid, good-for-nothing, aggravating child; and then, Jim, *then*, when she has some money left her, which might make them both as happy as all the birds in the air, she goes off to England, forsooth, to balls and parties and all sorts of expense! Oh, Jim, Jim!"

And once more she sits down, sobbing pour tout de bon.

"You mustn't take it like that, Min," he says, firmly, softly stroking her dainty fingers. "You exaggerate what I have done for you. But even had it not been the one bright spot in a dull life, to fulfill this charge honorably was my duty. And it is my duty, however painful it may be for the moment, to send you to England, where you will have the advantages I wish you to enjoy, and be under the care of a very superior woman, a lady who loves you already, and who will form your style, and introduce you into the best set in London."

Two soldiers saunter by on escort duty. The escortees—a pair of white-capped bonnes, one lugging along a refractory and wizened male child; the other knitting, with the slight encumbrance on her arm of a baby fearfully and wonderfully made—turn and stare in the most barefaced manner. White gaiters follow suit. Minnie returns the stare fiercely, with the crystal tears still on her face, and teeth clinched on a despairing sob.

"*I* would be impertinent, if I were you. Pity your French politeness should prevent you gaping at a lady!" as near a growl as is in the power of her rich low voice.

After a minute the intruders laugh vacantly, and retire crab-like, grinning.

"Well, Min," resumes Jim, making an exhaustive survey of the horseshoes scattered over the border of his handkerchief, "so we're agreed that—

"''Tis decided—you depart.'"

"No, it isn't decided at all; and I don't intend to depart."

"''Tis wise, 'tis well,'" quotes Jim.

"'Tisn't!" she retorts, with virulence. "It's horrid."

"I'm sure you'd be very happy with Mrs. Ferrers; and it wouldn't be for very long. Besides, the gayety of it would make the time pass like lightning."

Visions of the "all-sorts-of-expense" rise before her mind's eye. She can see herself in a year or two, a fair débutante,

"Moving in through a crowd of her lovers,
In soft sable satin and lace,
Never heeding the death-blows she covers
With the smile of that dear little face."

The whirl and glitter of that London life, which she knows but through the medium of the English circulating library, the ceaseless round of pleasure, the dulcet tones of admiration, the possible introduction at court—all this runs riot in her pretty head, and presents itself, not uninvitingly, in the guise of a duty; observance of which, moreover, strictly inculcated by guardian.

And yet she can not think of leaving her loving protector without a fresh burst of tears. All the many little instances of his watchful tenderness, his unassuming nobility of character, welling up from her heart, where she has preserved them avariciously encysted for so long, cry shame on the half-formed wish, on the sudden emotion she feels at the prospect of such tempting novelty. How totally unselfish he is! How gentle and magnanimous! Can she, too, ever forget what he was to her during her fever last year—his anxiety, his devotion? And then, when he came to see her, his hesitation at her chamber door, as if he deemed it a shrine?

Still Jim argues with her at length, and insists that she ought to put all such considerations aside, and fulfill her "obligations to society." Moreover, it is to please him and satisfy him that he is doing his duty by her. His grief and loneliness conceded. But this the knowledge of her fortunate position would mitigate. His honor as trustee at stake—her future welfare at stake—duty paramount—and not a *very* long separation after all.

"Jim, it can't be done," she says, with decision.

"It 'll have to," he answers, laconically.

Unbroken silence for about a minute. Minnie rolls her open umbrella to and fro on the slope, and thinks deeply. A bugle call sounds musically from the castle, and is faintly repeated from the fort on the top of the cliff. At last she strikes into fresh ground:

"Look here, Jim."

"Say on," obediently remarks the fencing master.

"I want you to answer a question."

"What, about this journey to England that you're going to undertake?"

"Never mind what it's about," retorts Minnie, wisely. "I want you to give me your word of honor that you'll answer it truly."

"Never did such a thing in my life," evasively, from Jim.

"Don't be so provoking."

"Don't be so mysterious."

"I'm not at all mysterious;" looking as if she had walked straight out of the pages of the *Castle of Otranto*; "answer me truly."

"Well," says Jim, "drive on, little woman."

"Foi d'honneur, Crabs?"

"Oh yes," putting his hand to his breast; "we swear! Fire away."

Minnie nestles close up to him, and assumes her favorite position, with her hands folded round his arm. Then turning her soft eyes full on his:

"Jim, could *you* bear to let me go?"

A sudden quiver of his limbs, and he rises abruptly, with his back to her. After a moment comes the answer, lightly enough, but hardly in his usual voice:

"Well, of course I shall be—beastly dull for a time, you know; only I shall think that you are—pretty jolly, and so on; and I shall have lots to do, and—"

"And you'll forget me!" she bursts in, passionately. "Ah, now there can be no farther objection to my going, if *you* can look at the prospect so calmly." Illogical, but deeply felt. Sobbing again by this time like a mad girl, and Jim trying most ineffectually to console her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the appendix to the United States Coast Survey Report for 1872, now in press, is a report by Mr. W. H. DALL on the tides, currents, and meteorology of the Eastern Aleutian region and the Northeast Pacific, accompanied by explanatory diagrams. Mr. DALL's observations on the oceanic currents, which are here tabulated and discussed up to the date of the report, are of special interest as being the first series undertaken with a direct view to the solution of the problems in question, and result in the proof of the existence of a reflexed northerly arm of the great easterly North Pacific current, denominated by him the Alaska Current, which had previously been surmised from isolated observations and theoretical considerations. Mr. DALL has been enabled to determine the rate and dimensions of several portions of this current, and maximum, minimum, and mean annual temperature. The existence of definite oceanic currents in the eastern half of Behring Sea is shown to be very doubtful. Some important generalizations on the relations of the Pacific and Behring Sea tides to each other are made, and the peculiarities of the compound tides of this region are graphically indicated by diagrams in a new method, original with the author, and possessing some interest for those studying these problems. The report is accompanied by numerous hydrographic memoranda and tables of meteorological, current, and tidal observations.

The catalogue of such memoirs and articles as have been issued during the decade from 1864 to 1873 in the publications of learned societies and scientific magazines, promised some time since, will be soon made ready for printing by the Royal Society of London. The necessary funds for its completion have been granted by the council of the society, and it is expected that the British government will furnish the means for printing it, as it did for the six volumes covering (in one series) the years 1800 to 1863. It seems that those six volumes cost in all £8936 12*s.*, of which £3720 15*s.* 6*d.* were spent in the preparation of the work for press, and defrayed by the Royal Society, and the rest was expended for printing, paper, and binding, at the cost of the government. The work has been a public benefaction to all persons interested in scientific research, and the new volume will be eagerly looked for.

Mr. WILLIAM J. HAYS died in New York on the 13th of March last at the age of forty-five. He had occupied a prominent position among American artists, and was especially accomplished as a painter of animal life, his pictures of deer, buffalo, elk, and other species being of marvelous excellence, entitling him to the highest rank in this country.

Professor COPE has prepared for the Smithsonian Institution a list of all the reptiles which have been hitherto discovered in America north of Mexico. Of 337 species admitted by him, 125 are snakes, 82 lizards, 41 turtles, and 2 crocodilians; 20 of the snakes are poisonous, 17 being rattlesnakes, copper-heads, and water moccasins, and 3 coral snakes—the last are related to the viper of England, and are beautifully annulated with red or scarlet, yellow, and black. Of the non-venomous snakes 103 belong to forms that are generally familiar, while two are sluggish and worm-like creatures, which have hence been called "Scolecophidians," or worm-snakes

Of the 82 lizards, 76 are typical forms, 5 are geckoes, and 1 resembles in form a snake rather than an ordinary lizard, and is without feet; it is the glass-snake of the Southern States, and obtains its name on account of its fragility and the ready separation of the tail.

Of the tortoises, 38 are terrestrial or fresh-water, and 2 salt-water species, having flippers for swimming, instead of true feet.

Of the crocodilians, 1 is the common alligator, so familiar to those who have traversed the water-courses of our Southern States, and another is a true crocodile, and has only been for a short time known as an inhabitant of certain rivers in Florida.

Some idea of the growth of our knowledge respecting these forms may be obtained when it is known that the number of described species has been more than trebled within the last thirty years. Dr. HOLBROOK, in his great work on the herpetology of North America, published in 1842, described only 95 species, of which 47 were snakes, 13 lizards, 34 turtles, and 1 an alligator.

It may allay the alarm of our readers to learn the small percentage of poisonous reptiles. In our Eastern and Middle States only two species of venomous snakes are found, and in most districts they are comparatively rare. The number of reptiles generally in any limited region is comparatively small, and not more than thirty-five could be obtained in the District of Columbia, and that number only by the endeavors of years.

We have already referred to the postponement of the meeting of the Geographical Congress at Paris to be held under the auspices of the Geographical Society of that city. As the opportunity of this meeting is likely to be embraced by some of the representatives of American societies, it may be well to state that the Congress itself is to commence on the 1st of August, but that the exhibition of maps, charts, instruments, and other objects connected with geographical science will be open on the 15th of July.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris has lost its oldest member in the person of Professor CLAUDE LOUIS MATHIEU, who died at the age of ninety-one.

The first annual report, for the year 1874, of the State Fish Commissioners of Minnesota has just been printed by order of the Legislature. In this the Commissioners, Messrs. DAY, AUSTIN, and LATHAM, call attention to the great proportion of water acreage in Minnesota, and the advantages of the State for fish-culture. According to their calculation, there are, exclusive of Lake Superior and Lake Pepin, and of rivers, no less than 1,601,848 acres of inland lakes alone, or about three and one-third acres of water to every 100 acres of land. In addition, the Commissioners claim for the State the existence of some of the most important food fishes of the West, chief among which they consider the white-fish. This is of very great importance to the inhabitants of the State, and nearly 20,000 Indians in Northern Minnesota subsist almost exclusively upon it. An account of the measures taken for the disposition of the shad and salmon placed at their command by the United States Fish Commissioner is also presented by them.

The death of Mr. JOHN TIMBS, well known as the editor of that very useful annual volume called *The Year-Book of Facts*, took place early in March last in London, at an advanced age.

An attempt has just been made by the governments of Great Britain and Norway to establish a close time for the capture of young and old seals. It has heretofore been the practice of those engaged in this trade to start out in March, and commence the capture immediately. The result is the destruction of large numbers of female seals while their young are still on the ice, and incapable of taking care of themselves; these young also perish, and, in consequence, the present method of capture threatens extermination of the seals, or at least their reduction to such limited numbers as to render them of comparatively little commercial importance. It was originally suggested that the 1st of April be fixed upon as the day for the commencement of the pursuit. It is now proposed, however, that it be the 5th or 6th instead. If the young are captured later than this they are not only of greater commercial value, but also, in the event of the loss of the mother, they are better able to take care of themselves. As to the time of closing the fisheries, it is suggested that this need not be fixed, as after the middle of May the old seals become very wild, and few can be captured, although the 30th of June might be indicated as satisfactory. The Norwegians do not seem inclined to accept the later date of April, and the 3d of April is suggested as a compromise.

A suggestive paper has lately been communicated by Mr. W. G. WEX to the Geographical Society of Vienna upon the decrease of water in rivers and sources. The author states that the results of his observations tend to show the constant decrease of the rivers of Germany and an increase of the seas. They indicate that the levels of the German rivers are now much lower than they were fifty years ago, the Elbe having decreased to the amount of seventeen inches, the Rhine twenty-four, the Oder seventeen, the Vistula twenty-six, and the Danube fifty-five. The reason assigned for this is the progressing devastation of forests, which causes a decrease in the atmospheric moisture they attract and convey to the soil, and thence to sources of streams.

The death of ROBERT HARDWICKE, the publisher of many important scientific works, including the *Popular Science Review*, *Science Gossip*, etc., took place in London on the 8th of March.

A communication before the Natural History Society of Kansas State University, at Lawrence, by Mr. GAUMER, makes some reference to the effect of the telegraph wires upon certain birds in the vicinity of Lawrence. He speaks of a flock of Lapland longspurs which was startled from a field, and in flying off encountered a telegraph wire. He noticed that five of them struck it. Two of these fell dead, one was crippled too badly to fly, and the other two, after recovering from their dizziness, were enabled to join the flock. He continued his search, and found thirty-two birds, in a distance of half a mile, beneath one wire. Some of these had lost their heads, others were injured internally. He also remarked that he had frequently found prairie-chickens, warblers, plovers, snipes, and other birds beneath the wires, and estimates that many thousands of beneficial birds are annually killed within the limits of his county. He was almost inclined to consider telegraph wires among the agencies injurious to vegetation, since in the crops of all the birds killed he found, without any exception, large numbers of eggs of grasshoppers.

The death of Professor R. WILLIS, who has occupied the Jackson Professorship at Cambridge, England, occurred in the beginning of March last.

Virginia has recently followed the example of so many of her sisters, and passed a bill authorizing the appointment of Fish Commissioners by the Governor. An appropriation of $2500 is made for the expense. A Commission was appointed by Virginia in 1871, but without any money appropriation, and nothing of any practical moment was done by the gentlemen appointed as Commissioners.

One of the enactments of the recent Congress in the interest of the public was the setting aside of a large part of the island of Mackinac, Michigan, as a national park, all of the land in that vicinity owned by the United States, with the exception of a certain portion required for military purposes, having been placed under the charge of the Secretary of War for the purpose in question, with the condition that all persons who shall settle on or occupy the same, excepting under conditions specified, shall be considered trespassers, and removed therefrom. It is made the duty of the Secretary of War to establish such regulations as he may think best for the proper protection and preservation of the trust. He is to provide for the preservation of the timber, the mineral deposits, natural curiosities, etc. He may, at his discretion, grant leases for a term not exceeding ten years at such places where the erection of buildings for the accommodation of visitors is desirable, and all the proceeds of said leases are to be expended in the construction of roads and bridle-paths. The wanton destruction of game and fish found within the limits of the park is to be provided against, and all trespassers are to be duly punished.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOW TO FIND A POLICEMAN.—Look down every area in the street. If you do not by accident happen to see one, ring the bell and inquire if the policeman is in the kitchen. Repeat this at every door, and you can not fail eventually to find one.

PATIENCE.

SCOTCH PARISH MINISTER (*examining a class in the Sunday-school*). "Now can any of you tell me the meaning of the word patience?" (*Long pause.*) "Surely some one can do it? Can you, my little man?"

JOHNNY. "It's—tae—t—"

MINISTER. "Go on—don't be afraid."

JOHNNY. "It's tae wait a lang time an' syne get naething."

Mr. Spinks is not going to do any more in conundrums. He asked his wife why he was like a donkey, and she said because he was born so; and he says the answer is very different from that.

A FLORAL SWELL.—The *dandelion*.

MORE ECONOMY.

INDULGENT HUSBAND (*to dear little wife, who has bought some new curls*). "But, my darling, you will never be able to wear them—they are flaming red."

DEAR LITTLE WIFE. "I know I can't wear them, darling; I only bought them because they were so very cheap."

INDULGENT HUSBAND. "Humph!"

HOW TO DISSUADE PEOPLE FROM MARRYING.—Send them to the sea-side, and they will be always hearing the moaning of the tied.

A patent-medicine vendor who was dilating to a large crowd upon the wonderful efficacy of his iron bitters pronounced them all-potent in building up an iron constitution. "That is so—that is so," said a bystander; "what he tells you is a fact, gentlemen, every word of it." "Hear that, will you?" cried the delighted quack; "here is a man who has used the bitters, and can recommend them." "No, not exactly that," replied the old fellow: "I have never used the stuff myself, but, you see, my friend Jenkins did, and they jest saved his life. You see, Jenkins had taken the bitters jest one week before he was shoved in prison for something. He was stripped of every thing in the shape of iron about him, and yet he made a bar and worked his way out. He had taken this man's iron bitters, d'ye mind, and what does Jenkins do but open a vein in his arm, and took iron enough out of his blood to make a crow-bar, and prized the gates open with it and let himself out." The vendor set his dog at him.

NELLIE. "I wish I had wings."

TOM. "Like a dove's, I suppose?"

NELLIE. "No; proper, big wings."

TOM. "Ah! like a goose's then?"

NELLIE (*with acerbity*). "No, nor a gander's either."

(*Tom collapses.*)

VERY MUCH WANTED.—A newspaper has the following curious notice: "Wanted, a nurse to take charge of a basket of children left at this office a short time since."

HORRIFIED.—Watermore is a strict teetotaler, and just a little bald on the top of his head. Imagine, then, his horror on being asked by the barber who was cutting his hair whether he ever applied stimulants to it!

ENRAGED MUSICIAN. "I thought you told me this was a quiet villa! Zounds! here the very first morning comes one of those detestable organs!"

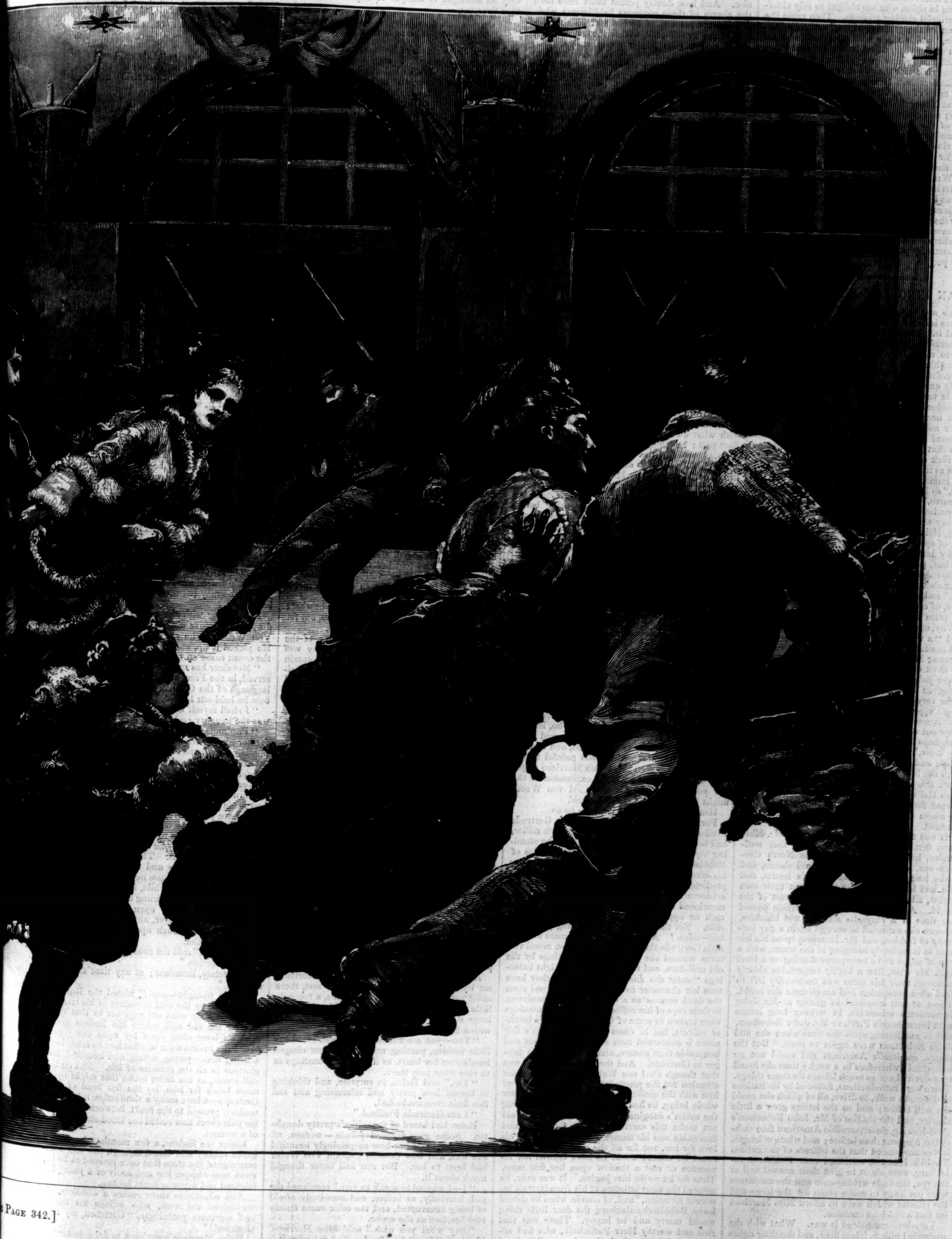
LANDLADY. "Well, Sir; yes, Sir; but, you see, my canaries can't do without their mornin' horgan, hand I thought you'd 'ave no hobjection to the 'armony of a brother hartis!"

LOVE'S COMPLAINT.—"My eyes with tears is red and dim, 'cause he loves she and I love him; but they'll be better by-and-by, when she cuts him and he loves I."

The Paris *Figaro* thus neatly answers an anonymous correspondent: "A note, written by a female hand, asks us why, in polite society, etiquette allows a lady to pay a visit with her veil down. I really do not know, madame; but I would bet it is the ugly ones who set the fashion, and that it is only the pretty women who make inquiries about it."

A Columbia professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said, "We fight with our heads here." The youth considered, and replied that butting wasn't considered fair at his last school.

A SKATING R PAGE



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A SKATING RINK.

It is not many years since skating was an exclusively winter amusement, as it is still in the country, where the ice-covered rivers, ponds, or canals offer the only place where this exhilarating sport can be enjoyed. Skating rinks were at length constructed for the convenience of people living in cities, who are obliged to rely chiefly on artificial skating grounds. Then came the invention of the "parlor skate," an American "notion," which made skating possible at all seasons of the year, the only requirement being a smooth floor, either in a private house or in a capacious rink, like the one shown in our double-page illustration. Nearly every large city has one or more of these rinks, which are also to be found at Newport and other fashionable summer resorts; and although skating under a roof lacks much of the romance which a clear moon-lit night and a wide expanse lend to the out-door sport, rink skating has many votaries.

Parlor skates were made popular in Europe by an enterprising and adventure-loving Bostonian, William H. Fuller, of whose wonderful exploits in Egypt, Greece, Russia, Germany, Holland, and other countries an interesting account was given in *Harper's Magazine* for April, 1870, under the title of "Around the World on Skates." The amusement became quite fashionable in London, where there are several summer rinks, which are constantly patronized by wealthy and aristocratic people.

AN INNOCENT FLIRTATION.

Had any one hinted to Helen Morrison that she was inclined to flirtation, she would have resented it. Mr. John Robertson knew this, and he therefore, in parting with her, did not venture to more than implore that she would be true to him, and not suffer new scenes and faces to overshadow *his* image in her heart. Even this mildly expressed doubt Miss Morrison did not take in very good part, but answered, with a little loftiness, that "if he considered such a request necessary, and could not trust her *any where* and under *any* cir—" Whereupon he hastened to interrupt with the soothing assurance that his confidence in her was as fixed as the rock of Gibraltar, and that he believed her to be as true to him as—in his agitation he could not immediately recollect the "needle to the pole," so he substituted hastily, "as the moon to the earth," which, as it proved, was a much truer comparison than he had had a thought of.

They were not exactly engaged, for Mr. Morrison, Helen's uncle, had, with that slowness and lack of appreciation of the generous and unmercenary impulses of youth characteristic of old-fogyism, positively insisted upon a "condition" to that desired consummation, involving something about "a year's waiting," "successful practice," and "means sufficient." Thereat the lovers were, of course, extremely disgusted. "Money the price of love!" Helen had said, scornfully. "Why, one might as well be a Circassian slave!" And "a whole year to wait!" John Robertson had muttered, disconsolately, "as though I were a young Methuselah!" Despite which remark we must do him the justice to say that in his secret judgment he admitted the sense of the thing, as regarded money and practice. He knew very well that howsoever paradisiacal life might appear to himself and Helen as lovers, yet that it was an Eden wherein roast beef does not grow out of the ground, nor ready-cooked mutton-chops hang on trees. "'By the sweat of thy brow,'" muttered John Robertson, thoughtfully; and he went back to his dingy little office, with the brand-new sign over the door, there to work away, heart and soul, for the dear love he bore Helen Morrison, while that young lady departed for Germany with her uncle and aunt, to whom the medicinal waters had been recommended.

It was to Bubbleschwalenburg that Mr. Morrison first took his wife and niece, that well-known, half-gay, half-dismal little North German spa, where people bathe and dance, and make love and break each other's hearts, and win and lose fortunes, and blow out their own brains, all in utter disregard of the rest of the world. And here, while Mrs. Morrison passed her time in a chrysalis state of wet blankets, whence she expected to emerge again a gay butterfly of fashion, and Mr. Morrison spent his leisure in luxuriously lounging in the water, with a cup of coffee and a newspaper floating on a level with his chin, like a highly respectable elderly merman, their fair niece was necessarily left to find what occupation and amusement she could. These at first consisted in gazing at Mr. John Robertson's miniature, in writing long letters with innumerable P.SS. to Mr. John Robertson, and in meditating upon the time when she and John Robertson were again to meet. But the pretty, *spirituelle* American girl could not go unnoticed; wherefore in a week's time she found that she had not so much leisure for these things. There were introductions, followed by invitations to dance, to walk, to drive, all of which she could not well refuse; and so the letters grew a little shorter, and the studies of Mr. John Robertson's good-looking, clever, sensible American face rather less frequent than before; and when, at length, it was announced that the officers of the gallant Twelfth Hussars, stationed near Bubbleschwalenburg, were about to give their annual ball at the spa, the little writing-case and the miniature were put away to make room for the laces and the ribbons which were to adorn Miss Morrison on that auspicious occasion.

Very brilliant indeed it was. What with the garlanded pillars, inlaid floor, and dazzling lights of the ball-room, and the glittering uniforms of the officers and exquisite toilets of the ladies, and the music, and the smiles, and the intoxicating waltz, it seemed a very scene of enchantment to at least the younger portion of the company. What a mysterious and all-powerful charm there is for the female mind in a military uniform, or a uniform of any sort, indeed, short of that of a State-prison! The fact is one of the most remarkable that has ever defied physiological research and psychological investigation. And how doubly potent must have been the charm of these gorgeous habiliments when decking the persons of heroes such as the officers of the Twelfth, tall, well-formed, handsome, haughty, yet with tender tones and melting glances, which have already this evening won the hearts and turned the heads of half the weak and lovely women in that brilliant throng! What wonder that they look with unutterable scorn upon the insignificant black-coated civilians whose notice erst they courted, and that to-night their sleeping dreams will be of heaven—a heaven full of masculine angels in gorgeous uniforms that never fade, and of golden harps playing ravishing waltzes that never cease?

> "Where the beauty never waneth,
> Where the brightness never dies."

Ach, Himmel! if such happiness could but last!

Many eyes are directed to one particular couple, who go airily floating past in that bewildering "*valse*." A sylph-like, graceful girl, in a simply elegant toilet, and a tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired young officer, than whom no one in the saloon is more *distingué*-looking. Their names you hear whispered here and there amidst the lookers-on. "Miss Morrison—American; Captain Carl von Weber—Hussars." There is a slight look of consciousness on the lady's half-smiling, half-blushing face; but her partner is as oblivious of observation as though they two were floating alone together through the azure fields of heaven to

> 'The inborn melody of starry spheres."

His arm daintily clasps her slender waist, his blue eyes rest upon her half-averted face, and his handsome head, noble and beautiful as that of a young Antinous, bends so low that the fair mustache nearly touches her glossy brown hair. And with what an easy, almost ethereal grace they float past; he whispering low in the dying falls or brief pauses of the music, and she still half-smiling, half-blushing, and now and then just lifting her eyes with a sudden light to his. It is not every one who can talk and dance at once, and both to perfection, as this young officer is doing; and certainly in this, as in other ball-room charms, the genial German and the versatile Frenchman surpass the sober English and the rather awkward, matter-of-fact American. John Robertson had never danced like this, or made himself thus agreeable to Helen Morrison. The idea occurred to her vaguely, in unconscious comparison; and then all thought of John Robertson was dismissed for that night, and she was loitering through the illuminated garden alleys of the Kursaal, on Captain Von Weber's arm, and now more frequently looking up into the blue eyes that seemed watching so eagerly for those glances. And by-and-by—Heaven only knows how it came about—her hand was clasped in that of her companion, and on the fair surface where the lips of John Robertson had last rested, breathed the passionate kiss of the young German hussar, scarcely checked or chidden. And neither of them noticed a young girl, hardly sixteen, with a fair, dimpled face, very pale now, and large earnest blue eyes, who, leaning on the arm of a stout, puffy, middle-aged man, just glanced at them as she passed, and averted her eyes as from something too painful to behold. Had they seen her, Helen Morrison might have wondered at the strange expression on the fair young face, and Captain Carl von Weber might have felt ashamed of himself.

Heaven knows he had cause to be so.

For three months past his love for Gertrude Freiland, the pretty daughter of the rich miller, had been the talk of the garrison, and the standing topic with the coffee-and-scandal parties of Bubbleschwalenburg. So earnest, indeed, was his devotion that many among his brother officers predicted that he would marry her, *maugre* his aristocratic family, while the ladies of the above-mentioned social assemblies, as ladies always do, took an opposite and much worse view of the case. Not that they *knew* any thing positively, but—*ahem!* And it was very fortunate for poor little Gertrude that none among those moral vultures scented the dear twilight meetings by the old mill-dam, and the delicious moonlight loiterings "*unter den Linden*," else would they have torn her character to shreds, and battened upon the dead carcass as a delicious accompaniment to their cups of hot coffee. True, these meetings were known to some of Carl von Weber's brother officers, but in cases where a woman's fair name is concerned men are more generous and honorable than women, and so there was no danger to Gertrude. And the truth of the case was that though Carl von Weber had a very tender affection for the pretty innocent girl, who loved him with the entire strength and devotion of her whole being, he had yet no thought of marrying the miller's daughter, and that, though he could not make this sacrifice, yet so far noble and honorable was his nature, and so far sincere his love for her, not for all the worldly honors that could be offered would he have injured her innocence or cast a shadow upon her fair fame. Thus far let us do him justice. It was only, he assured the most intimate of his friends, "an innocent flirtation," and, of course, when he should leave Bubbleschwalenburg the dear little thing would marry and be happy. There was that rich and worthy Herr Puffschalk, who had accompanied her to the ball, and seemed inclined to pay her serious attention—an excellent match for her, in a worldly and social point of view. Herr Puffschalk possessed influence, and had influential friends. He might be made a baron yet.

Certain it was, however, that in the case of Helen Morrison Captain Von Weber was not "flirting." He had, in fact, been deeply smitten with the young American girl. It was one of those cases of real "love at first sight" that defy all attempts to analyze or explain. Well says the song,

> "How love cometh and how love goeth,
> Truly it only is love can tell,"

and its subtle principle of birth and of death is alike unknown to us. It may be chance; it may be destiny. But in either case it was the fate of Carl von Weber, and he loved the bright, frank American girl, with her winning manners, so *naive* and yet so high-bred, with all the strength of his passionate and really strong and tender nature. To him no lot in life seemed so desirable as to have her walk through it side by side with him. And so the days and the weeks went on, and his visits to the mill had ceased, and all his time and all his soul were devoted to the girl who had so cruelly supplanted poor little tender, confiding Gertrude.

Helen Morrison could have prevented much of this had she chosen. But she did not choose. She admired Captain Von Weber; she liked him; and it pleased her to be admired and liked by him. He was quite a charming companion in the ball-room, in the gardens and saloon, and in those delightful romantic drives and rambles about the hills and dales around Bubbleschwalenburg which it was the fashion to take in parties. Not alone, mind you, for in the creed of the fair members of the coffee-and-scandal parties there seemed some mysterious and deadly social sin in the mere circumstance of two young persons of opposite sex being alone together any where. Somebody must see them; somebody must be able to vouch that the two conducted themselves with the strictest propriety, else nobody will believe it of them; certainly not the coffee-and-scandal consumers.

Still Captain Von Weber managed to find opportunity of saying to Miss Morrison all that he wished to say. She was not untouched by his devotion, and there were times when the thought occurred that were she not an American girl, and in love with John Robertson, how devotedly she could love this handsome, chivalrous young German soldier. But she could not be faithless to John Robertson (what an ugly name, by-the-bye!); and she did not think, considering the different national tastes and habits, that it would be quite prudent in her to marry a foreigner. And yet she did not like to give him up, at least, not quite yet. So she avoided a decisive reply to Carl's proposals; only assured him that she wasn't engaged, and made him believe she loved him, and told her friends, when they bantered her about the devotion of the gallant hussar, that "it was merely an innocent flirtation."

How long this might have continued, or where it might have ended, Heaven only knows, but for a little incident that at length occurred.

Somebody had spoken of the beauty of the mill, and a walking and sketching party was formed for the purpose of visiting it. Captain Von Weber could not go. He had some garrison duties to attend to, he said, regretfully, and so Miss Morrison accepted the escort of a shaggy and fierce-looking Russian count, who had from the first manifested great admiration for her, but rarely succeeded in obtaining an opportunity of manifesting it; and the captain being away, Miss Morrison thought it no harm to encourage the count a little, just so far as to amuse herself, and let people know that she had a nobleman for an admirer. In fact, she enjoyed the idea, and thought how nice it would be to make John Robertson a little jealous, and then to rejoice him with the knowledge that she had preferred him to a real Russian count—very poor, it was true, but a count nevertheless. So she smiled upon the count, and chatted charmingly in German and French; and the count's dark eyes glowed upon her almost as softly as the blue ones of Carl von Weber; and very assiduously and tenderly he assisted her over the rough rocks, and chose for her the mossiest seat, whence she could see and sketch the picturesque old mill. And then, as she was thirsty, he left her and went to a little cottage some distance off to order a glass of milk and some brown bread and honey—an Arcadian repast much affected by the Bubbleschwalenburgian visitors on occasions like the present.

And then it happened that as Miss Morrison sat busily sketching, apart from the rest, there stood before her, under those lindens, a fair pale little maiden with a profusion of golden hair, and large solemn blue eyes, that looked into hers with a fixed and earnest gaze.

"You—you are Fräulein Morrison," said the little maiden, panting, and pressing her clasped hands over her heart, as if to still its beatings or to ease some pain there.

"Yes," said Helen, in surprise, and thinking to herself how pretty and interesting and sad this little creature looked.

"I am Gertrude Freiland."

Helen had heard of the miller's pretty daughter. Some good-natured people—women, of course—had told her how surpassingly beautiful she was, and how devoted Captain Von Weber had been to her. But she had never thought much about it.

"I—I wanted to speak to you," continued the girl, hurriedly, as before, and seemingly afraid of being interrupted, and the color came faintly into her face as she spoke.

"Say what you wish," said Miss Morrison, kindly. "Don't be afraid. Tell me what it is you want with me."

The kind tone was perhaps unexpected. Gertrude's heart was opened at once. She knelt down on the grass at her rival's feet.

"I want to ask—oh, do not be angry with me!—but I want to know if you are to marry Carl von Weber, as they tell me?"

Helen Morrison looked at the lovely face before her, the face so child-like in feature, so womanly in its expression of love and suffering, and a light dawned upon her.

"No," she answered, quietly, "I am not to marry Captain Von Weber."

"But you love him? oh, surely you love him?"

Helen hesitated.

"No," she said, slowly, "I do not love him."

What a sudden light broke over the pale face, and how eagerly she seized her rival's hand and pressed it to her lips!

"Fräulein"—her voice trembled with its earnestness—"if you do not love him, why do you take him away from me? *I* love him—ach, Gott, how I love him! And he loved me. He told me so often and often here beneath the lindens. He kissed me, and called me his Gretchen, away from whom he could not be happy. And we *were* happy, oh, how happy! until *you* came."

The tears gathered slowly into Helen Morrison's eyes. She took the two burning little hands into her own.

"Poor child!" she said, soothingly.

"Oh, Fräulein, give him back to me—give him back to me! He was all I had; he was all the world to me. And he loved me—*he loved me!*"

On her rival's breast the low wailing cry died away, and Helen, holding her tenderly in her arms, and softly stroking down the golden hair, felt the trembling form grow still at length. Poor child! poor child!

That night in the ball-room Captain Von Weber was surprised at the cold and grave greeting which Miss Morrison vouchsafed him when he, as usual, eagerly sought her side. What did it mean? What had happened? He could not well ask an explanation there, but he looked anxiously around for a clew, and thought he had found it, when he met the half-mocking, half-exultant glance of the Russian count, and saw his open devotion to *his* love, and how she as openly encouraged it. Not but that Helen felt sorry for the pain she was inflicting, but she felt also that it was high time that her flirtation with the hussar should be brought to a decent close; and the interview with poor Gertrude had given her a good excuse for it. She would tell him what she had heard about his ill treatment of that tender-hearted little maiden, and she would praise her beauty and sweetness, and tell him how wrong he was in breaking such a true and loving heart. And so, after she herself should have left Bubbleschwalenburg, as would now soon be the case, Captain Von Weber would turn back to his old love, and the little golden-haired maiden would be happy.

But who may tell what a day or an hour may bring forth?

In waltzing with the count, Helen Morrison dropped her glove almost at the feet of Captain Von Weber, as he stood jealously looking on. He picked it up, and when the dance was over the count came up to him.

"Monsieur has mademoiselle's glove?" he observed, in the French which is almost the native language of the German spas; and with a stiff bow he held out his hand for it.

"I shall myself deliver the glove, monsieur," was the haughty reply.

"Pardonne; but mademoiselle has sent *me* for her glove," responded the Russian, with emphasis, an emphasis in which there was the slightest suggestion of exultation over his hitherto successful rival. Slight as it was, it stung Carl von Weber to the quick, and with a haughty glance he turned his back upon the indignant count, and made his way to Helen's side.

"I have your glove," he said, in that low, tender tone in which he usually addressed her, "but I will beg permission to keep it. It may remind me of happier hours," he added, reproachfully.

She let him have it. There could be no harm in this; and tenderly and reverently the young officer placed the treasure next his heart.

The Russian, meanwhile, insulted in presence of the company, was twirling his black mustache, and glaring vengefully upon the young hussar. When the ball was over, and the company leaving the saloon, a touch upon Carl von Weber's arm arrested him.

"Monsieur," said the count, fiercely, "I must have satisfaction."

"Certainly, monsieur; at any time that may suit you."

"Then to-night—*now!*" hissed the Russian, exasperated by the cool contempt of his rival.

And so they went out together to that quiet spot by the old mill, where the lindens grew. And an hour after there lay upon the greensward the lifeless form of what had so lately been a living man—young, strong, and beautiful, and glorious in all the promise of life. And on the still breast, as the dawn broke that might never more break for him, lay the fair head of poor Gertrude—where many a time before it had lain, tenderly pressed to the heart, between which and her pale cheek now rested the blood-stained glove of a woman.

Under the lindens, a few months after, was a grave made; and there, through the still summer nights, the trees that once listened to loving vows now whisper low and sadly of a young life blighted and a young heart broken.

And sometimes there comes a childless, silver-haired old man, who wrings his hands, and murmurs yearningly, "Gretchen, my little Gretchen!"

Helen Morrison went back to John Robertson a somewhat sadder, wiser, and, we trust, better woman than when she had left him. It was

long before she could tell him all; and then he forgave her because of her repentance, and her love for him through it all. She had never been really false to him. She had not really loved Carl von Weber, still less the Russian count. Oh no. That sad affair, which was so long afterward the talk of Bubbleschwalenburg, could not, some people said, be justly laid at *her* door. She had intended no harm, but merely an innocent flirtation.

THE LAST WALL STREET BONANZA.

In the darkest hours of the long panic of 1873 there was agony and cold sweat in a leading broker's office on the subject of the account of a great Boston operator. For him the broker was carrying forty thousand shares of Union Pacific stock, and the price was declining daily. It was the day of the Crédit Mobilier scandal, and Congressional investigations and forfeiture of chartered rights loomed ominous in the coming winter. In vain had the broker called on his customer for "more margin." More margin was not to be had in those days. All the millionaires of the land were borrowers. Money was a thing of the past. The banks were virtually broken, and a man worth a million in real estate or stocks was likely to fail if he owed a hundred thousand. If he could sell his property, he might pay his debts; and such men as Commodore VANDERBILT actually did sell quantities of Central at 80 and Harlem at 100 to pay what they owed. But for Union Pacific, especially in blocks of forty thousand shares, there was no market at any price. Thus the broker and his client were both in desperate straits. Of all the great operators of Wall Street to whom needy brokers were used to turn in the like emergencies, there was but one who had any ready money—Mr. JAY GOULD—and he had been known to speak slightingly of Union Pacific. Nevertheless, in their dire necessity, the broker and his client did go to JAY GOULD, and, so the story goes, actually succeeded in selling to him the forty thousand shares of Union Pacific at $16 a share. This was the beginning of the Big Bonanza.

In December Congress met, and under the stimulus of a Presidential message recommending more issues of paper money, stocks advanced, Union Pacific rising with the rest to 31@32 by New-Year. At this point Mr. GOULD could have sold out and doubled his money. But by this time he had studied the subject and made up his mind he could do much better than that. Instead of selling, he bought more stock and many proxies, so that when the election took place in March, 1874, he found himself in control of the property. The great Boston magnates who had previously administered the concern were glad to take back seats in his board of direction. As soon as it was known that the Union Pacific had passed into the control of JAY GOULD, stockholders made haste to sell out, and a number of vexatious lawsuits having been commenced against the company by the government, the stock fell from 38, at which price it sold in the early days of 1874, to 23 in June. At the decline Mr. GOULD was a steady buyer all through the summer, fall, and winter, so that when election day came round again, in March, 1875, it is believed that he owned and controlled not less than 250,000 of the 365,000 shares which constitute the capital of the company. At this time the stock was selling at 40.

The result of the election was no sooner known than the stock began to advance. It jumped to 50 by the 20th March; to 60 by the 27th; to 70 by the 5th April. The man who bought 1000 shares on 1st March made $30,000 profit in five weeks. Mr. GOULD'S profits, supposing that he could realize them, were nearly eight million dollars.

All this was the result of an announcement at the stockholders' annual meeting at Boston in March that the company was earning and could and would pay hereafter quarterly dividends of 1½ per cent.

When this announcement was first made it was treated with derision by Wall Street. How can the company pay dividends, said people, when it has not only made no provision for the payment of the government subsidy bonds at maturity, but can not pay the interest thereon, and now actually owes the government eight millions for interest already paid by the Treasury Department? Surely the Union Pacific must pay the interest on these bonds before it declares dividends to its stockholders.

But when these objections were brought to the notice of the Union Pacific directors, their answer was ready, and it was this:

The relations between the Union Pacific and the government are not vague or loose, but are clear and well defined by law. By the act of July, 1862, it was agreed that, in consideration of the building by the company of the railroad and telegraph, and of the grant to the government of a prior right to their use over all other parties, the government should issue to the company certain subsidy bonds, and likewise give it a land grant. It was stipulated that the subsidy bonds should be a first mortgage on the road and lands, and should be paid at maturity by the company; and it was further added that, to reimburse the government for the moneys it would pay out for interest on the bonds, the company should pay the government five per cent. of its net earnings and do the government transportation for nothing. No other provision for the payment of the interest on the bonds was made in the act. This act, or charter, was duly accepted by the company, and work was begun. It was soon found, however, that even the liberal grants of the act of 1862 were insufficient to induce capitalists to embark their money in so desperate an adventure as the construction of one thousand miles of railway through a wilderness. In 1864 the company went to Congress to surrender its charter and abandon the work done. It was war time. Disputes with England were incessant, and any one of them might lead to war, in which case California was gone. Nothing but a Pacific railroad could save our Pacific possessions. Instead of accepting the surrender of the charter, Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS undertook to modify it so as to induce the company to continue the work. Large inducements were required, and large inducements were offered. The subsidy bonds were doubled in amount, and their quality of first mortgage taken from them; the land grant was doubled; and finally, in an obscure section of the new act the following words were used:

"And be it further enacted, that....ONLY one-half the compensation for services rendered for the government by said companies shall be required to be applied to the payment of the bonds issued by the government in aid of the construction of said roads."

The act was approved July 2, 1864, and was promptly accepted by the company. Under it the road was built, and opened to traffic in 1869.

Under these acts the company is advised, first, that the government has no claim whatever on the company for the interest on the subsidy bonds except by the gradual accumulation of one-half the compensation for government transportation, and secondly, that it is very doubtful in law whether the little word ONLY in the section above given does not repeal the clauses in the act of 1862 which required the company to pay five per cent. of their net earnings to the government and to pay the subsidy bonds at maturity.

If this is the law, of course the Union Pacific may well declare dividends. The case is now before the Supreme Court, and will soon be decided. If the company is compelled to pay interest on the $27,000,000 of subsidy bonds, stockholders will have to wait a while for dividends, and the Union Pacific bonanza will collapse like its California namesake. If, on the other hand, the company's position is sustained by the court, the stock will probably rise to 90 or 100, and Mr. JAY GOULD will make a trifle of $20,000,000 on this single venture.

GIANT KETTLES.

IT is not always that geological investigations have as their object phenomena which are of general interest, and with which all are more or less familiar. This is certainly the case, however, with the study of the "giant kettles" in the neighborhood of Christiania, Norway, which has been lately carried on by Professor Kjerulf and some of his students. There is hardly any running stream in our country of any considerable size which does not give proof of the power of water and stones in motion in what are popularly called "pot-holes." An eddy in the stream where the current is strong sets a few pebbles in revolution. These commence a depression, into which larger stones fall, and the grinding is continued until a cavity has been produced perhaps several feet in depth, and almost perfectly round. These are often to be observed not only in stream beds, but also in rocks on the sea-shore, where the rush of the tide must supply the motive force.

The famous "giant kettles" of Norway are simply "pot-holes" on a larger scale, and produced in former times under somewhat different conditions than we have at present. The superstition of the people represents them as having been made by giants. In some places, where the form is oblong and irregular, fancy has seen in them the foot-prints of these monsters, while in one place, where the road goes directly through a very large kettle, the saying is that there St. Olaf turned his horse around. On the west coast of Norway another name is used, and they are spoken of as giants' chairs.

The description of one of these kettles examined by Professor Kjerulf will give some idea as to their size and general character. At the surface it had a diameter of about eight feet, being slightly elliptical in form. It widened considerably in the descent, and then contracted again at the bottom. It is interesting to note that the walls were distinctly worked out in a spiral, which could be traced from top to bottom. In the case of some other kettles examined the spiral was so perfect that the cavity could be compared to the impression of a gigantic snail.

The total depth of the kettle in question from the highest point of the margin was forty-four feet, the axis inclining somewhat toward the west. It was filled, as is always the case, with gravel and broken rock, though toward the bottom numerous so-called grinding-stones were found, some of them 300 pounds in weight, and all smooth and elliptical in shape. It was through their revolution that the excavation had been made. It required three men working for fifty days to clear this giant kettle of its contents, and the whole amount taken out was estimated at 2350 cubic feet, some of the stones being so large that they had to be mined before they could be hoisted out.

The kettles in general present much the same features as the one which has been just described, though there is a great variation in ratio of width to depth, many of them being shallow, larger at the top than at the bottom, and very properly are called kettles, while others, as the one alluded to, are deep, and could better be called wells. It is to be observed that they are found by no means necessarily in present river channels. They are most common in the neighborhood of the great fiords, though they have been observed too at a height of 1200 feet above the sea. In regard to their origin, the best authorities refer it to the time when the land was covered by enormous glaciers, such as exist at the present time in the upper part of Greenland. The melting of the ice on the surface of glaciers gives rise to considerable rivers, and as these find some crevasse in the ice, they descend with violence, and it is conceivable that such a stream striking the bed rock below might be the means, with the masses of rock they would put in motion, of producing the enormous cavities which are now observed. This theory, as carried out by its supporters, meets with some difficulties, but seems to be the best which has been proposed.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday, 25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist; Fourth Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Saturday, 1.—SS. Philip and James.
Sunday, 2.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 6.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 9.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday, 16.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday, 23.—Trinity-Sunday.
Sunday, 30.—First Sunday after Trinity.

THE reaction in Spain against liberty in religion and education goes on step by step. A decree was issued not long since by the Minister of Public Instruction, directing the use of text-books prescribed in schools during the reign of ISABELLA. The same minister has addressed a circular to the rectors of universities, requiring them to take care "that nothing is taught in their institutions that may be contrary to the Catholic dogmas or sound morals." This decree meets with opposition from the educators to whom it is addressed, some of whom have openly protested against it. Two Madrid professors, one of them Señor SALMERON, formerly President of the Spanish ministry, have in consequence been arrested, and other arrests are expected.

On Wednesday, April 7, the official announcement was given to Archbishop M'CLOSKEY of his election to the cardinalate. Count MAREFOSCHI, who was intrusted with this duty, met the cardinal elect at his own house, in the presence of a number of the clergy of the diocese. Monsignor RONCETTI, the papal ablegate, and Dr. UBALDO UBALDI, secretary, who are commissioned to confer upon him the *berretta*, or cap, have also arrived in New York. The ceremony of bestowing this emblem of office will take place in St. Patrick's Cathedral April 22.

Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY still continue to receive attention from the London press. The *Times*, though not estimating their services very highly, bespeaks for them a fair hearing. It says: "If they can save the ignorant or the lost, let them do so. If they can continue to attract people, there is no use in becoming angry at it." The *Times* contrasts the limited effect produced by Mr. VARLEY in New York and the much greater excitement attending the labors of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in London. It expresses wonder that "Englishmen, credited on the Continent with a very large amount of insular phlegm, should to such an extent be unable to take demonstrations of this kind with the stolidity characteristic of the Americans with all their revivals. The Americans, as a people, are quite unable to understand our hero-worship of revivalists, on the one hand, or our tremendous anger against revivalists and their followers, on the other." A telegram of April 5 speaks of the successes of the two American evangelists as increasing.

A Mohammedan sends to the London *Times* a severe censure of the course adopted by the deputation of the Evangelical Alliance which recently visited Constantinople. He charges that their persistently urged request to see the Sultan was a discourtesy, and contrary to the usages even of Western nations. He asks that the Mohammedans may be let alone in the enjoyment of their faith, to which they will adhere even to death. The Rev. JAMES DAVIS, the secretary of the British branch of the Alliance, replies with great spirit to "Mohammedan" in the *Times* of March 27. He states that "the alleged cases of religious persecution to which the Evangelical Alliance confined itself were brought before its Council by Christian gentlemen of high character and undoubted veracity personally acquainted with the circumstances, and supported by the evidence and aid of official representatives of the British and American governments. An attempt," he proceeds to say, "has been made, and it is repeated in the letter of your correspondent, to excuse them on the ground of punishment for desertion. But there was no desertion in the case of the family taken from their home and occupations at Marash. They were insulted, beaten, put in chains, thrown into prison at Aleppo, afterward at Constantinople, and finally sent into banishment to Smyrna, where they remain in utter want and under surveillance of the police. Here there was no conscription, nor any charge of crime or misconduct. They had exchanged the faith of MOHAMMED for that of Christ, and were instantly laid hold of and punished on that account, and that only."

It is evident that the two parties to this controversy attach very different meanings to the term "toleration." The missionaries include in it protection of converts from Mohammedanism to Christianity; the Turkish government either does not or will not enforce this construction.

The Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist pastors of San Francisco have united in a protest against the representation that Mr. HAMMOND is producing an undue emotional excitement among the children of that city. They consider his children's meetings to be in no essential unlike those commonly held in the churches of our country. The religious interest which pervades San Francisco is, however, by no means confined to children. Adult converts are numerous. The *Pacific* reports that more than 1500 persons have been added to the churches. On some days all-day meetings have been held, and out-of-door meetings are frequent.

The members of the French Protestant churches of Montreal recently met at a social reunion the numerous converts who have professed the Protestant faith under the preaching of Father CHINIQUY. A notification of abjuration of Romanism, addressed to Bishop BOURGET, and signed by "Catholic wives and daughters of Montreal," has appeared in the Montreal *Witness*. It is a very plain-spoken document. The bishop has given notice that he will excommunicate all members of his flock who hear or read Father CHINIQUY'S lectures.

Trouble between the Church and the state has broken out in Portugal. Upon the decease of the Bishop of Braganza an election of a vicar-general, as a temporary administrator, became necessary. The government directed the canons to elect a priest who had enjoyed the confidence of the deceased prelate, and had acted occasionally as his deputy. The canons refused, and elected one of their own number. The Minister of Justice has therefore instituted proceedings against the new vicar-general, and has suspended the payment of the canons' salaries.

Three lay evangelists—Messrs. MORE, WINSLOW, and REMINGTON—have been laboring with great success in and about St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Three hundred persons have professed conversion. Mr. FAIRBANKS, the manufacturer of scales, is an active co-operator in their work.

The Bishop of Breslau, whose diocese is partly in Prussia and partly in Austria, is in trouble, and is likely to make trouble. The papal encyclical, which declared the Prussian laws against the Church void, was promulgated in his diocese. His resignation is demanded, and is refused. Legal proceedings have been begun to enforce his deposition; but inasmuch as he is in part an Austrian prelate, they may disturb the good understanding now existing between Austria and Germany.

The German Jesuits, it is stated, have selected Syria as a new field of operations. Twenty houses have been purchased for them at Beyrout.

The buildings of the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, of which our great railway king is the founder, are rapidly approaching completion. The literary, scientific, and theological departments will be opened in October next.

The clergy of the 200,000 United Catholics of Poland, who have lately gone over to the Orthodox Greek Church of Russia, have presented a memorandum to the Russian government, in which they assign as the reason for their change of faith the impossibility of accepting the dogma of papal infallibility.

Mr. VARLEY finished his labors in New York at the close of the week beginning April 11. His sermons at the Rink were heard by many thousands of persons. From New York he proceeds to Boston, where two weeks will be spent. He goes thence to England.

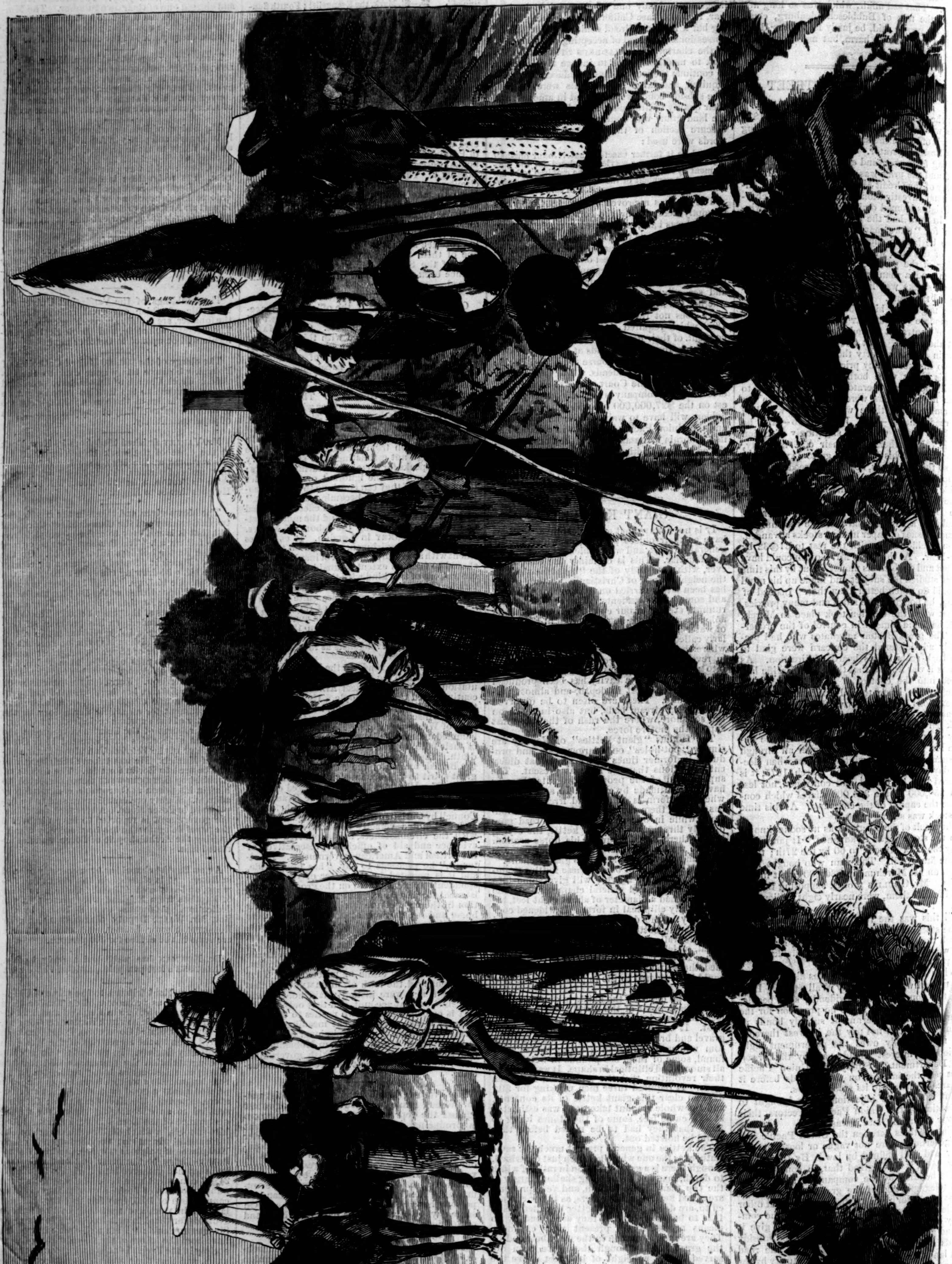
The blows given and taken in the conflict between Germany and the Church fall so thick and fast that it is not easy to make a complete record of them all. The Prussian Diet adjourned for the Easter holidays till April 5th. On the 19th of March it adopted the remaining clauses of the bill withdrawing the state subsidies from the Catholic bishops. A bill has been brought into the Upper House of the Diet for the incorporation of the Baptists in Prussia. They claim 12,000 members at the present time. The Court of Appeals at Paderborn has pronounced sentence of three months' imprisonment in a fortress against ex-Bishop MARTIN, on account of his pastoral letter of March 14. A priest named HELFRICH, who was expelled from Fulda, but returned and celebrated mass, has been arrested and put in prison. Herr NATHUSIUS, editor of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, has been arrested and sentenced to a fine of 600 marks or a fortnight's imprisonment for an article derogatory to the character of the supreme ecclesiastical tribunal. At the request of the German government the Austrian authorities have arrested Herr SIGL, the editor of the *Vaterland*, an ultramontane paper of Munich. He was taken at Salzburg, and will be sent to Berlin for trial. The friends of Archbishop LEDOCHOWSKI have presented to him, in his prison at Ostrowo, a congratulatory address. Eighty ecclesiastics are said to be imprisoned in Posen alone. After much searching, the government is reported to have discovered the papal delegate who has been secretly administering the Archbishopric of Posen, and has arrested him.

A new Baptist chapel has been recently opened in Rome. It is situated in the Piazza San Lorenzo, and has cost £12,000. Quite a number of Baptists from England were present at the dedication. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. WALL, Deputy MAZZARELLA, Signor ROSSETTI, Signor GRASSI, and others. There are seats in the edifice for 300 persons.

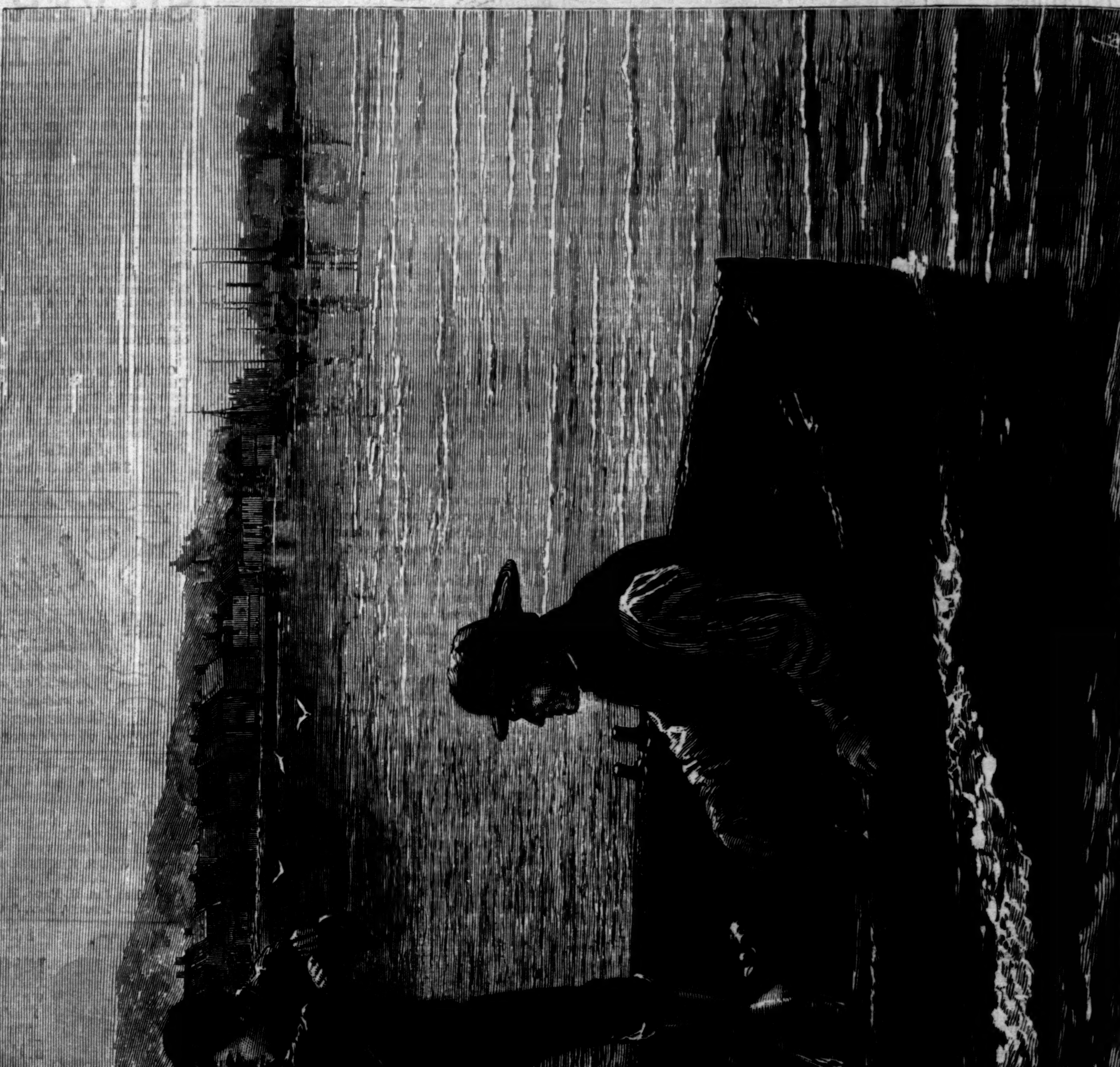
Dr. NEWMAN has published a reply to Mr. GLADSTONE'S last pamphlet, entitled *Vaticanism*.

Two important tributes to the value of Christian missions as promoters of civilization have recently been paid, one in England and the other in America. Sir ARTHUR HAMILTON GORDON, the newly appointed Governor of Feejee, has been waited upon by the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. In presenting an address of congratulation the secretaries said that the Wesleyan missionaries had "reduced a barbarous language to a written form, and produced in printed books a good supply of Christian literature, especially the Holy Scriptures; they had secured to an encouraging extent the devout observance of the Lord's Day; had established 1414 schools, in which 46,732 scholars are receiving a useful education; they had opened nearly 1000 places of religious worship, in which 109,250 hearers listen to the preaching of the Gospel; and they had gathered into Christian fellowship 24,413 consistent members. In contrasting the public morality of Feejee now with the revolting cannibalism of 1835, they felt that they had not labored in vain, and that they had reasonable grounds for thankfulness to God." In his reply Sir ARTHUR said: "I am well aware how great have been the labors of the missionaries of your society in the Feejee Islands during the last forty years, and that their present changed condition must, in good degree, be ascribed to the results with which those labors have been crowned."

The other tribute was paid by Secretary DELANO, of our national Department of the Interior. In deciding a long-disputed claim of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society to a tract of land at the Dalles, Oregon, he expresses the conviction that the early occupation of the Territory by the missionaries of that society and the American Board had secured it to the United States. Prior to their occupation the sovereignty over Oregon was an undetermined question between our government and Great Britain.



COTTON CULTURE—COVERING IN THE SEED.—[See Page 346.]



TAKING THE SKIPPER ON BOARD SHIP—LEAVING HOME ON HIS LAST VOYAGE.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

"So, Billy, let's thank Providence
That you and I are sailors,"

says the well-known song; but that was written before the days when rotten hulks were sent out, heavily insured, to be lost at sea or conveniently cast away on some safe coast, where captain and crew may easily make their escape to land. There was a time when the captain of a merchantman belonged to his ship and his ship to him, and when the same crew of hardy and faithful men sailed with him year after year. It was their home, loved as the landsman loves his cottage. In those days the loss of a ship was either the result of culpable carelessness or a "visitation of Providence." But now, as a general rule, there is no such feeling. A captain is transferred from the command of one ship to another at the caprice of the owners, and frequently never sees his crew until he goes on board on the day of sailing. One result of this practice has been a steady and general deterioration in the character of common seamen, as shown in the lack of discipline too often evinced in cases of grave emergency and peril.

The recent investigations set on foot by Mr. PLIMSOLL, in England, revealed a frightful state of demoralization in the commercial marine of that country, from which, indeed, our own, as shown in Dr. JEWELL's interesting book, *Among Our Sailors*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is by no means exempt. It was proved that ships are sent to sea by unscrupulous owners for the express purpose of being cast away. This is sometimes done with the knowledge and connivance of the captain, who is instructed to lose his ship and cargo with as little loss of life as may be possible; but there were many instances adduced of unseaworthy ships dispatched from port where the knowledge of their condition was concealed from captain and crew, with the expectation that the total loss of all would forever bury the secret of the awful crime. Such depravity would be incredible if it were not proven by incontrovertible facts. The honest skipper in our engraving may be going on board a ship—a "coffin ship," in the expressive sailor phrase—leaving home, wife, and little ones for the last time, his life sacrificed to the cupidity of men who trust in the winds and waves to destroy the evidence of their guilt.

COTTON CULTURE.

Cotton is planted in our Southern States in the latter part of March and the beginning of April, in high beds, five feet apart one way, and from eight to twenty-four inches the other, according to the richness of the soil. In about a fortnight after planting, rows of delicate leaflets appear above the soil, and early in June the plants begin to bloom, the fields presenting the appearance of a vast flower garden. Our engraving on page 344 represents the covering in of the seed. The crows consider this a great delicacy, and many expedients are adopted to keep off the depredators, who would soon undo all the work of planting. The most common method is the one shown in our engraving—a tin pan suspended from a couple of high stakes, which is beaten by means of a stone swinging from a cord. Familiarity with the sound sometimes breeds contempt even in the cautious crow, and then he is taught to keep his distance with the gun.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The drama, the concert, the opera, all grow tame in the presence of the exciting amusement whose spell is resting upon the community. The "orthographical mania" it is designated, and that phrase defines it as clearly as if we used a whole Webster's Unabridged in our description. This amusement is dangerous to the performers, and consequently becomes of thrilling interest to spectators, who heartlessly laugh as one after another falls suddenly in the contest and vanishes from sight. English orthography, however, has had some hard things said of it lately. Rules are a delusion, the sound of the letters is a false guide. Some one has remarked that "an inability to follow the tortuous and irrational windings of English orthography should be in itself presumptive evidence of a logical mind." The faculty to spell seems much a natural gift, such as some have for guessing puzzles and conundrums. Nevertheless spelling-books are highly important.

Not long ago there was a great "National Spelling Match" (so styled) in Lincoln Hall, Washington. Secretary Delano presided. There were two contests during the evening, the first open to amateurs, the second between students of the public grammar schools and so-called professionals. The standard of authority was either Webster or Worcester, and referees were appointed to decide all questions raised. The prizes were a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and a gold medal, both with appropriate inscriptions. The "performances" were exceedingly amusing—to the spectators; and a detailed account would interest the reader. But we have room only to give one or two isolated extracts from the published report:

"'Alchymy' was given to Miss Bosworth to spell, and she did it 'alchemy.' 'Not correct,' said Boss French. 'Appeal!' 'Appeal!' cried several of her colleagues; and the referees turned to the volume before them. Both ways were correct, and as the announcement was made, the audience fairly shouted. The apparently easy word 'cyst' was given to Mr. Thomas, who spelled it as above. 'Not correct,' said Mr. Teacher, smiling. Thomas quietly appealed. '"Syst" I have it,' said Mr. French; 'but we will let the umpires decide; you know I spell according to Webster.' The books of fate were consulted, and then Mr. Spofford announced 'c-y-s-t' without variation according to both. The applause was deafening. After satisfying himself that he was wrong, the conductor sighed and said, 'Well, well, well! how *did* that happen?' Then, turning to the audience, he remarked, 'I owe an apology; I make it.' To Miss Tilley he gave out the word 'Britannia,' which the lady spelled O. K. He glanced at his list and remarked, 'One n too many.' 'Oh no, Sir,' said Miss Tilley: 'I appeal.' 'Worcester says two n's,' said Mr. Spofford, who had examined the book. 'I mean the metal, not the country.' 'Both words are the same,' quietly returned the intellectual librarian; and Mr. French looked aghast, and the audience fairly howled with delight, which was increased as Senator Windom, the other referee, said, 'Webster agrees with Worcester.' 'Papillote,' said the venerable gentleman, as he turned toward the pretty Miss Fuller. 'What, Sir, does it mean?' 'Why, you ought to know; it is paper in which ladies do up their hair.' 'I never heard of it before,' she said. 'Ah, but you must have used it.' 'Not by that name; I don't think it's a good word,' was the reply; and taking this for an appeal, the referees consulted the dictionary, and announced that it was not to be found in Worcester. The lady smiled, and the teacher said, 'Spell "pannier" then, can you?' 'Yes, Sir; "p-a double n-i-e-r."' 'Correct,' and amidst applause she took her seat."

The conclusion of the second contest, which was of intense interest, is thus described, the combatants having been reduced to one on each side:

"It was now the printer and the school-girl. Hotter and hotter grew the strife; the sparks flew from their steel; both were meritorious combatants. Whether his arm grew weary, or whether the sparkling eyes of his fair antagonist caused him to relent, will never be known. It is certain that his last and desperate effort was less 'meritricius' than his antagonist, and he fell, leaving the field to Miss Minnie Bryerton, of the Third District Grammar School. Somebody scandalously said he whispered, as he fell, 'I die happy!' Be that as it may, he asked and obtained the privilege of presenting the prize to his fair victor."

Last winter the weather was unusually mild in Havana, which is doubtless one reason why the yellow fever has thus early been made a matter of solicitude in that city. Severe cold utterly destroys the germs of the disease. Already the fever has appeared on board Spanish vessels in the Havana port, and strict precautions are taken in regard to it.

The German government has ordered of the firm of Krupp a gun of thirty-five centimeters calibre, which, when completed, will be the heaviest rifled gun in the world.

Four large vases, curious and beautiful in workmanship, have been recently sent by the Emperor of Japan to a Boston firm of business men, and also a game that is played only in the imperial palace. This game requires ten persons, but is not fully understood by the recipients. But the apparatus for playing it is elegant: small boxes, saucers, ivory sticks, trays, and various ornamental devices.

A death recently occurred in Brooklyn under remarkable circumstances. A Mr. Walker had been for about two years afflicted with a nervous affection of the muscles of the face, which had caused much suffering, and for the relief of which he had undergone several severe operations. These had proved unavailing, and he was pursuing a course of treatment prescribed by physicians just previous to his death. He had been instructed to take certain doses of hemlock, and procured the medicine. He was very exact and methodical in his habits, and took the medicine according to instructions, and, as was his custom, dictated to his wife his symptoms while under the influence of the drug. But he continued to take doses beyond what was ordered by the physicians, and the overdose caused his speedy death. He continued, however, to dictate his symptoms until he asked his wife for water. When she returned to him he was unconscious, and died in a few moments. Mr. Walker was run over by a truck in 1871, incurring injuries by which the disease was contracted which was indirectly the cause of his death.

William, Emperor of Germany, lives in a house of no great pretensions, which one would never think of calling a palace were it not the dwelling of a monarch. Some curious details of his home life have been recently published. On entering his study the Emperor approaches a window where is suspended an almanac for his personal use. Every leaf has at the top a verse from the Bible, a proverb, or sentiment extracted from some German poet or philosopher; then, underneath the date, in large print, are set down the leading events of the reign, the publication of certain ordinances, etc. The Emperor likes to add remarks in pencil on those pages, and often sums up his day in a line or a phrase. His Majesty next receives his doctor. The cook then appears with two or three different *menus*, which the Emperor William studies with as much care as a report from Prince Bismarck. Not that the Emperor's repasts are very exquisite; on the contrary, the dinners which he used to give as Prince Royal are of legendary fame: "People ate there beef and potatoes, and guests blessed with good appetites never ventured to the princely table without having dined well beforehand." The allowance made to the Empress Augusta has always been very limited, and her meagre revenue is doled out to her every month. It is related of her Majesty that being desirous one day to give a memorial of regard to Madame Viardot, she handed to that lady her own brooch, adding, in a gentle but saddened voice, "You see that I have worn it."

Twelve or fifteen Vermont lawyers recently got into a serious discussion in the court-room in regard to the Lord's Prayer. Each gave a different version of it. Finally they referred it to the judge; he shifted the responsibility upon the clerk, who got a Bible, looked all through the Old Testament, and then gave it up. A Sunday-school scholar was then called in, who repeated it correctly.

Exactly what the two Kings of Siam quarreled about has never been very plain; but they are now reconciled. His Second Majesty, who took refuge in the British consulate at Bangkok, has returned to his palace with proper honors. The differences were arranged by the British Governor of the Straits Settlement and a member of the council of the Viceroy of India.

The first part of Guizot's library, consisting of history, biography, and belles-lettres, has been sold, and brought nearly 44,000 francs. The second part is formed of legal, theological, and technical works. A complete set of the *Journal des Débats*, from its beginning down to 1873, brought 2000 francs. It is supposed to be almost the only complete file in existence, the numbers from the year 1789 down to 1801 being very rare.

"Handsome is that handsome does," is a very old proverb. It should be applied to a very ugly-looking dog owned by a Pennsylvania man. One day in the winter every body in this dog's native town was engaged in cutting ice from sidewalks and gutters. The "chunks," floating along, threatened to choke up the cess-pool openings. The dog, without an order from his master or any other person, stationed himself by the gutter, and seizing the lumps as they floated along, drew them out and deposited them all together in a heap, thus keeping the passage clear. Such a dog ought to be esteemed.

A Minnesota attorney having received from one of the Northern States an account to recover, thus replied to his client: "So it is money you want? Money! I have a faint recollection of having seen it when I was a small boy. I believe it was given me by my uncle on Christmas-day. But it has been so long since I have seen any that I quite forget it. Why, Sir, we live without money. You're behind the times. It is a relic of barbarism—of ages past. A few small pieces can be seen in our Historical Society's collection, where they are exhibited as curiosities."

BRONZES.

When we reflect that a hundred years have not yet elapsed since Northern and Western Europe began to know the true value of mediæval art, and of the marvelous remains of antique sculpture, we do not know that we have any particular reason to wonder at the comparatively recent growth on this side of the Atlantic of tastes which even now are substantially confined to the very highest order of the people in all the countries of Europe except Germany, France, and England. We are not quite sure, indeed, that we ought to except England. For although there is a much larger middle class of educated, refined, and well-to-do people in England than in any other country, and perhaps even than in any other country of the world, the lower orders of English society are as profoundly indifferent to art in those manifestations of art to which we have alluded as the lower orders of Turkey or the negroes of the South. And it is notorious throughout the Continent of Europe that there are no such prosperous "Philistines" in the world as the prosperous Philistines who "scatter their Hs on the floor."

During the last twenty years a greater improvement has taken place, it is true, in the monuments and in the public galleries of England than in those of the United States. But, unless we must except one or two very amazing specimens of the caster's art which are to be seen in certain of our public grounds, New York has fewer positively bad statues set up to be worshiped of her citizens than London. Still it is of so much importance that the public taste should be educated up to the point of instinctively rejecting and suppressing whatever is absolutely bad and detestable in art, that the serious development which Messrs. Starr & Marcus, of John Street, are giving to the introduction here of really artistic bronzes is a matter of public interest and satisfaction. It is only by familiarity with fine works of sculpture that the mind can be bred into a genuine sympathy with and liking for that sublimest form of art; and it is the special merit of bronze that it preserves even on a reduced scale the individual quality and tone of fine works of sculpture better than any other material whatever.—[Com.]

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION. A WONDERFUL CURE.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 13th, 1874.

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I had suffered from Catarrh in an aggravated form for about twelve years and for several years from Bronchial trouble. Tried many doctors and things with no lasting benefit. In May, 1872, becoming nearly worn out with excessive editorial labors on a paper in New York City, I was attacked with Bronchitis in a severe form, suffering almost a total loss of voice. I returned home here, but had been home only two weeks when I was completely prostrated with Hemorrhage from the Lungs, *having four severe bleeding spells within two weeks, and first three inside of nine days.* In the September following, I improved sufficiently to be able to be about, though in a very feeble state. My Bronchial trouble remained and the Catarrh was tenfold worse than before. Every effort for relief seemed fruitless. I seemed to be losing ground daily. I continued in this feeble state, raising blood almost daily until about the first of March, 1873, when I became so bad as to be entirely confined to the house. A friend suggested your remedies. But I was extremely skeptical that they would do me good, as I had lost all heart in remedies, and began to look upon medicine and doctors with disgust. However, I obtained one of your circulars, and read it carefully, from which I came to the conclusion that you understood your business, at least. I finally obtained a quantity of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, your Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets, and commenced their vigorous use according to directions. To my surprise, I soon began to improve. The Discovery and Pellets, in a short time, brought out a severe eruption, which continued for several weeks. I felt much better, my appetite *improved*, and I gained in strength and flesh. In three months every vestige of the Catarrh was gone, the Bronchitis had nearly disappeared, had no cough whatever, and I had entirely ceased to raise blood; and, contrary to the expectation of some of my friends, the cure has remained permanent. I have had no more Hemorrhages from the Lungs, and am entirely free from Catarrh, from which I had suffered so much and so long. The debt of gratitude I owe for the blessing I have received at your hands, knows no bounds. I am thoroughly satisfied, from my experience, that your medicines will master the worst forms of that odious disease Catarrh, as well as Throat and Lung Diseases. I have recommended them to very many and shall ever speak in their praise.

Gratefully yours, Wm. H. Spencer.

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Blackheads, or Fleshworms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine, or consult Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York.

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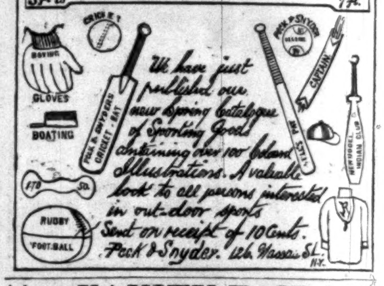

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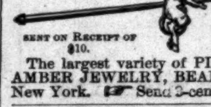

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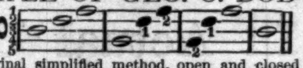

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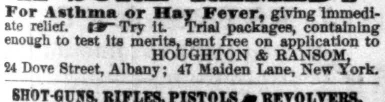

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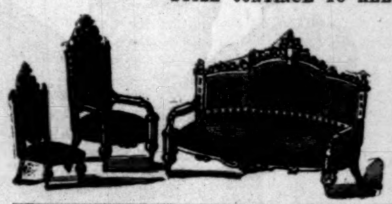

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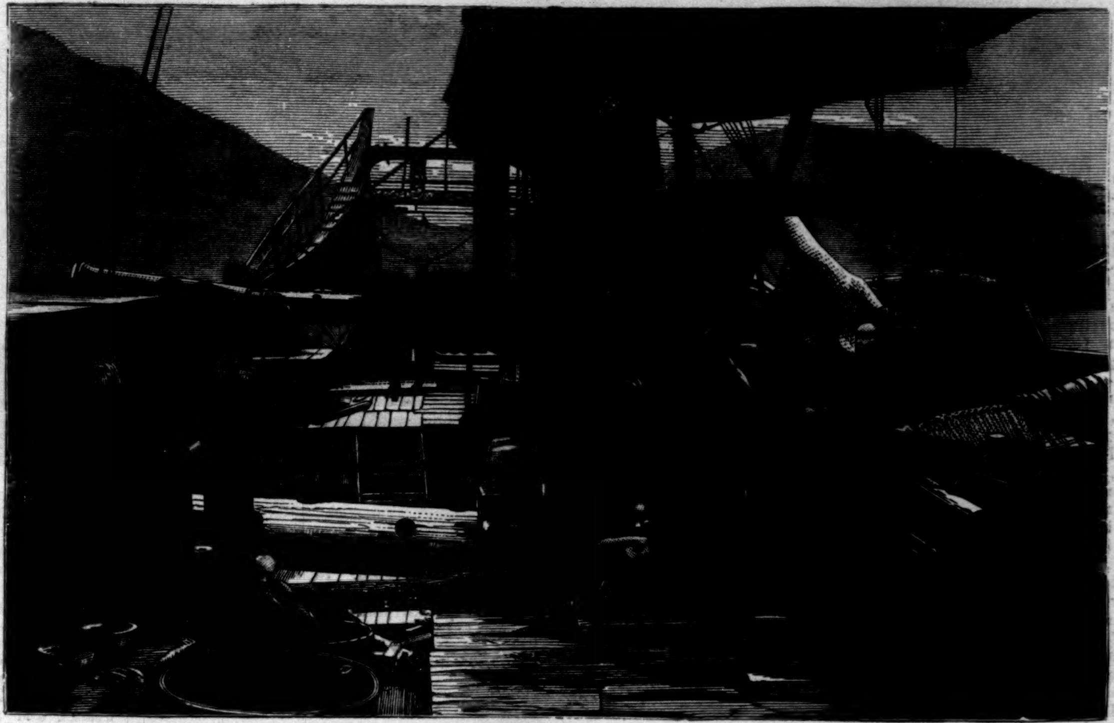
MALACCA, INDO-CHINA, AND CHINA.

THE Straits of Malacca open like a portal into the Chinese seas, and offer a pathway to the teeming shores of the farthest East. From the Isthmus of Suez and the Indian coast the tide of commerce must always flow up this ever-open channel between Sumatra and the Malayan Peninsula, with Borneo and the Philippine Islands in the distance, and Cochin China and Cambodia on the left, and reach at last the busy ports of China itself. How many centuries or ages, indeed, India and China have been linked together by this natural outlet no one can tell, but now swift lines of steamers break through the calm waters where the Malayan pirates once sacked peaceful merchantmen, and where Dutch galiots and Portuguese caracks struggled for the trade of the spicy islands. Now the English and Dutch occupy the straits, and at Penang, a small island teeming with vegetation, the English have formed a settlement where a few years ago was only an impenetrable jungle. The desolate island is converted into a garden. On the wooded hills far above the sea, amidst cascades and cool woods, are the houses of the English residents, and on every side the palm, cocoa, nutmeg, and a throng of flowering shrubs cover the hills. At sunrise the hum of the insects and beetles is so loud as to drown the roar of the bull or the tiger, and when one picks up what seems to be a decayed branch or leaf, it sometimes turns into an active insect that wriggles away with unusual celerity. It is the twig or leaf insect.

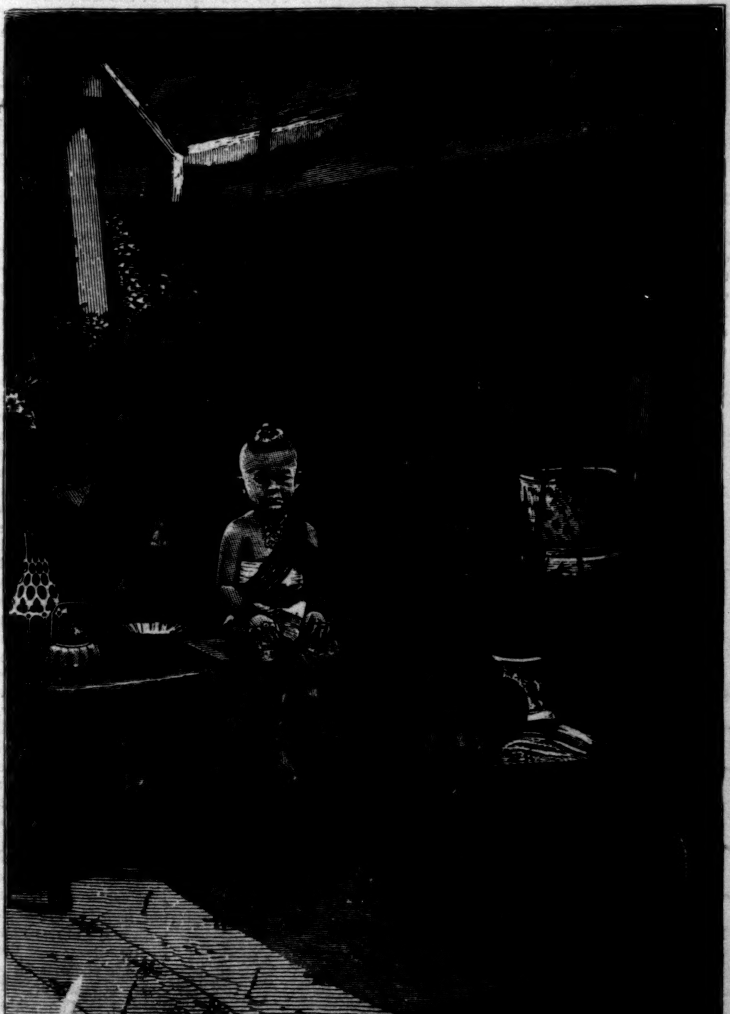
The population of the straits forms a varied confusion of colors and races. English, Portuguese, negroes, the dark Kling, the keen Malay, win their livings from each other with all the acuteness inspired by avarice or need. Honesty does not seem to be the ruling trait of any race. Yet possibly the Chinese excel all their rivals in the happy art of making money. They have settled in great throngs wherever the European comes; act as his treasurer, agent, servant, or guide; grow rich and stout with their prosperous trade, and are the merchants, mechanics, farmers, and negotiators of the East. Many of them are very wealthy, and live in large and elegant houses, surrounded with gardens and shade. The rich Chinese merchants are carried around in elegant palanquins, or stand at the doors of their shops richly clad, as in the time of MARCO POLO. Their wives shine with jewels, and their children are trained to politeness. Yet one national trait still follows the Oriental traders. The Chinese have an invincible taste for secret societies, leagues, trades-unions, and guilds; they are bound to each other by oaths and pledges which suffer them no free action; to satisfy their society they must, if necessary, make false oaths, defraud their employers, even lose their lives. Between the different societies intense rivalry and hatred prevail. They burn each other's villages, murder and rob their brethren; and one of the difficult questions of the Eastern settlements is how to restrain the savage animosities and quarrels of the apparently patient and timid Chinese.

MR. THOMSON, from whose interesting work, *Malacca, Indo-China, and China,* lately published by Harper and Brothers, we extract our account of these curious regions, lived for many months on the Straits of Malacca, and collected many useful details. The Malays, the most indolent of mortals, will work only when absolute want impels them. Their favorite occupation is collecting sacks of turtles' eggs, which they sell in the markets. The turtles persist in covering the shores of the island with their eggs, and the loss of a great part of their product does not drive them away. The eggs are as large as those of a duck, and are covered by a thick skin. The turtles are seen swimming in great numbers in the clear waters, and are easily caught by hand. All round these fertile straits the orange blooms and fills the air with perfume, and on the low spits of sand throngs of alligators bask and sleep in the sun. Sugar, tapioca, and rice are raised in great quantities. The Chinese planters first introduced the sugar-cane, but the Europeans have long surpassed them in its culture, and already the steam-engine and hardy engineers from Scotland control the products of great plantations that never fail in fertility. The tapioca, we are told, resembles a huge potato, and in its natural state has no likeness to the snow-white, delicate food that reaches us in the course of trade. The roots are dug up when ripe, washed, and finally placed in a grating machine, which reduces them to a brown watery pulp, which is cleansed of its fibrous part, and the tapioca placed in large tanks. Into these the workmen plunge bodily, stirring the solution with their limbs. After this the water is drawn off, and the cakes of tapioca are dried in iron pans, and assume that pure white aspect which is so tempting to the eye.

The Malay is the fine gentleman of the country, who keeps aloof from trade, lives in idleness, no one can tell how, but has always ready his sharp kris, with its finely polished handle and its pointed blade. He is still given to "running amuck," but is losing that chivalric instinct gradually, and is rapidly giving way to the practical Chinese, who are more patient and industrious. The Chinese, united in their guilds, form a powerful body that necessarily gains great weight in the community. However poor or humble they may be, they still confide in their own infinite superiority over all other races, and live in the hope of returning to the only land where good government and law prevail. Yet they are often desperate thieves and ruffians, and can only be ruled by a cruel severity. Singapore is another town on the straits rising into great importance, with fine streets and European hotels, connected by steam and telegraph with all parts of the world. Here a Chinese shop-keeper sits at the door and invites you to look at his assortment of European wares. He is tall, portly, po-



DECK OF A CHINESE JUNK.



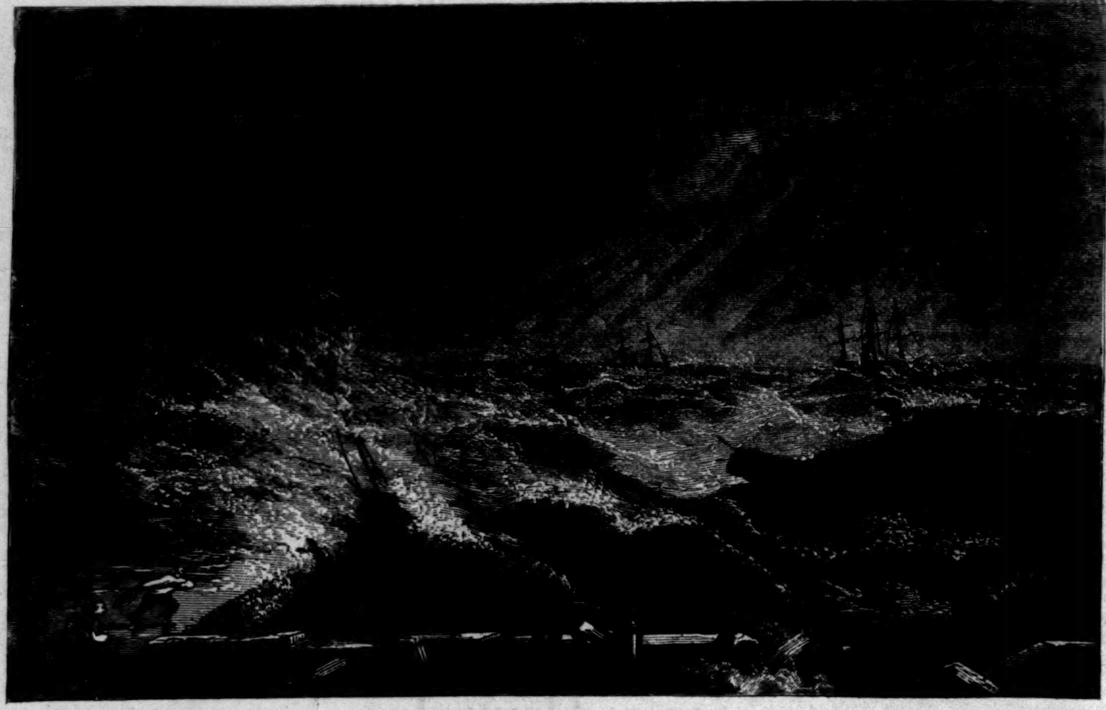
A SIAMESE PRINCE AND ATTENDANT.

A STREET IN CANTON.

lite, and carefully dressed. And just then a fine carriage and pair appear, the time for his drive has come, and the successful trader is driven away by his Malay coachman to some fair villa in the country. In Singapore it is said that the Chinese robbers stupefy their victims with some narcotic known only to themselves, and then leisurely plunder the house of whatever it contains. It must be remembered, however, that the Chinese produce many honest, sensible men, are members of the Legislature, and reputable planters.

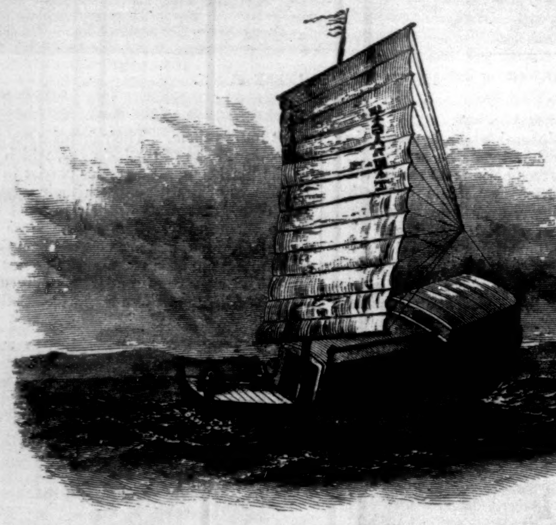
On the hills behind Singapore, high up among arches of palm-trees and a curtain of overhanging foliage, are seen the red-tiled roofs of the European villas, fenced in by hedges of wild heliotrope seamed with blossoms of gold and purple. If it were not for the excessive heat, which never descends below 85° in the shade, and is oftener above 95°, the languid life of the busy town might be tolerated; but on the hills the air is sometimes cool and fresh, songless birds chirp among the trees, and the houses, with their long verandas and porches adorned with Chinese vases of flowers, seem to offer no undesirable homes. Peace seems to sit on the fragrant villa, and a tropical repose descends upon the inmates. Tiger-hunting and pig-shooting amuse the visitors, and sometimes, in the depths of the mountains, he encounters a party of wild Jacoons, the original inhabitants of the island. But from the European settlements of the Straits of Malacca Mr. THOMSON next passes up the coast to the capital of Siam, and here, provided with his photographic instruments and a careful observation, sketched a more novel scene. Bangkok glitters in the distance with a cluster of radiant spires decorated with porcelain, glass, and enamel. It is a centre of the Buddhist faith, and the king is the high-priest of the Oriental Church, The late king passed thirty years in monastic seclusion before he came to the throne, and had a high reputation for Sanskrit scholarship; and late in life he became so familiar with the English as to write articles in the Bangkok *Recorder* in defense of Buddhist theology. He denied that his sect worshiped images, and he suggested that the divisions among Christians left him in doubt as to what they really believed. The graven images of the Siamese seem, however, to be sufficiently horrible, and are cherished with a suspicious adoration. Half the people of Bangkok live on rafts or boats upon the water, thus escaping those sanitary regulations that are necessary in cities upon land, and many of these floating buildings are adorned with painted roofs and gay balustrades that form a pleasing spectacle over the ebbing stream. The floating houses are moored close together, and line each side of a grand canal. Buddhist monks and monasteries abound in Bangkok, but it has also a newspaper and lines of steamers, and it will not be long before the touch of progress will sweep away much of its Oriental barbarism.

From Siam we are led up into Cambodia, where ruined temples and remains of ancient cities indicate an early civilization before steam and the printing-press were known. The travelers rode on elephants, but did not escape an attack of jungle fever. The elephant knelt, raised the traveler with his trunk, and helped him to mount to his back and climb into the howdah. They came at last to the remains of the great temple Nakhon Wat, rising in a solitude waste, silent, magnificent. The building is the symbol of the Buddhist universe, and rises in three terraces, surmounted by a circle of towers; its sculptures and stately galleries, its huge stone-work and massive pillars, are scarcely surpassed in the stately cathedrals of Normandy or England. The temple was probably begun before WILLIAM the Conqueror founded the English throne anew, and was not completed when the Cambodian power in the fourteenth century fell into utter ruin. The St. Peter's or the St. Sophia of the Buddhist faith, the pride of the ancient capital of the country, now lies a ruin in a wilderness. Next, passing up the coast, we reach Cochin China, where the French have made a settlement or a conquest, and whence NAPOLEON probably hoped to dispute the rule of the Eastern seas with England. Sai-gon, their chief town, has fine roads running into the interior—cafés, hotels, a line of steamers, and a rising trade. The Chinese, the English, and even the Germans, however, seem to control its affairs. The French are apparently too languid and careless for colonization, and it is scarcely possible that a new France will arise on the shores of the Western Pacific.



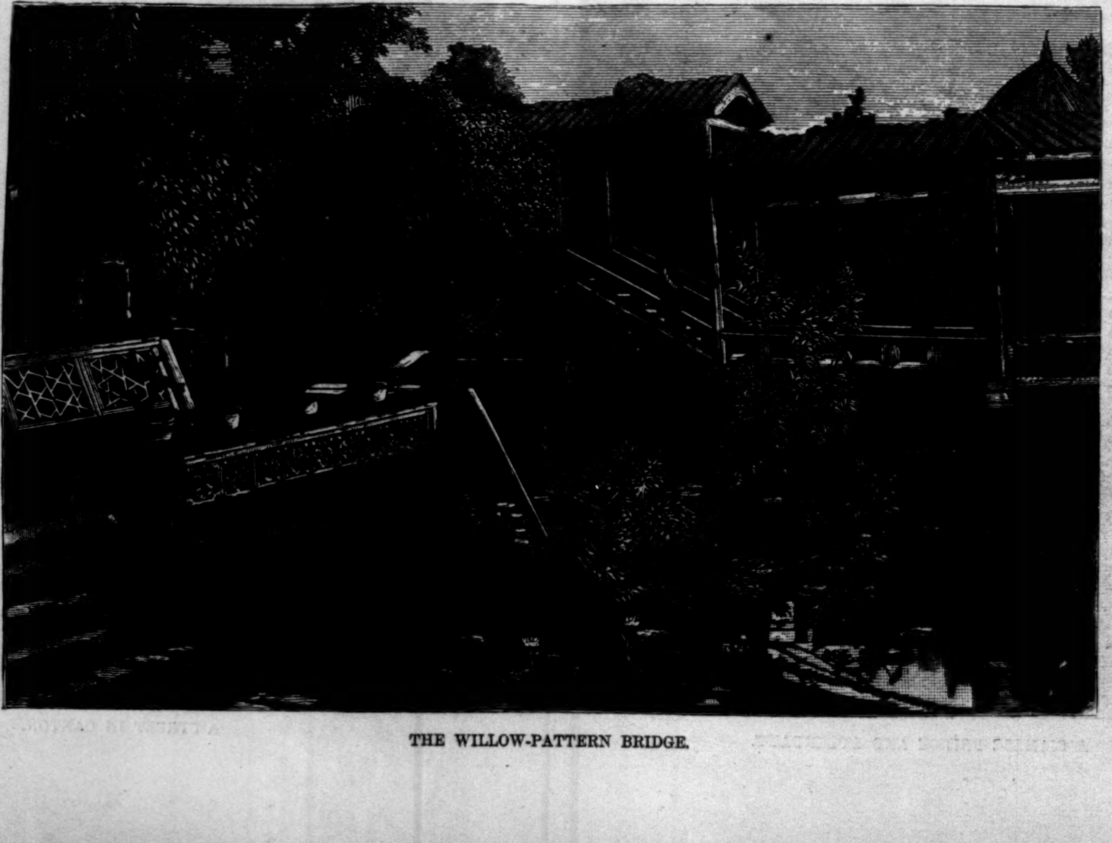
A TYPHOON IN HONG-KONG HARBOR.

Our traveler set sail in a steamer for China, passing out of the Straits of Malacca at Singapore, leaving Borneo on the east, and passing up along the coast of Cochin China, through seas swept by fierce typhoons and terrible to the mariner, and at length arrived at Hong-Kong, the first port he saw in the Flowery Land. Before 1843 Hong-Kong was a desolate granite rock about ten miles long and four broad, rising into tall peaks, and the haunt of pirates. But the English have transformed it into the centre of a vast trade, and linked it to their parent island by an electric chord. In the interior, on the wooded hills, it is crowned with graceful villas, the valleys are productive gardens, the grassy slopes teem with vegetation, and on the northern side the city of Victoria rises in terraces of granite buildings that have already engrossed all the conveniences and comforts of Western civilization. The harbor, inclosed in a ridge of hills, is one of the finest in the world. The population has grown rapidly, and is chiefly Chinese. Shops, stores, banks, offices, unsurpassed in Regent Street or Broadway, line the convenient streets, and offer an abundant display of jewelry, silks, porcelain, paintings, Japan ware, bronzes; provisions of all kinds abound, and from immense tanks, in which the produce of the Chinese fish-culture is kept, the purchaser may select any kind he desires, and apparently of any color—blue, green, brown, red, yellow, mottled, the Chinese fish are said to be the most varied and beautiful to be found—and are taken living from the water. Yet already in the new city Oriental degradation seems about to overwhelm the better elements of European life. The Chinese are inveterate gamblers and opium smokers. Their pleasures and recreations are ruinous to health and peace. Along the streets of Hong-Kong open music-halls, radiant with flowers and porcelain, in which the lovers of opium waste their lives away, and gambling houses decked with mirrors, paint, and gilding, where guests hot with wine from burnished cups prepare themselves for horrible crimes. The city of Victoria is already a centre of gambling, and exceeds the American and English cities in the proportionate number of its ruffians and murderers. For six months of the year its climate is dry and almost cloudless, with cool nights and not oppressive days. But when the hot weather and the rain come together, a dense vapor and swarms of insects descend from the central hills and cover the rocky island. Poisonous snakes wander over the roads in the interior, or a fierce typhoon threatens the city with destruction. The inmates of the houses bar them against the storm. Out of the dark leaden sky come blasts of wind that no human edifice seems capable of resisting. The coast is strewn with countless wrecks, and the strongest steam-ships perish amidst the rage of the Pacific.



NATIVE BOAT.

Canton, long the only port of the Chinese Empire known to the Europeans, lies ninety miles up the Pearl River from Hong-Kong. A fine line of steamers connects the two cities, and the sail up the stream is full of interest. On a small creek at its side rises the temple-tomb of YEH, the Imperial Commissioner who was carried prisoner to Calcutta by the English. The Fatee gardens represent the peculiar taste of the Chinese for miniature shade and fruit trees, walks and grounds. Near them are the tea hongs and shops; for we are now in the midst of that tract of country that seems the best fitted of all the world for the culture of the tea plant, and which supplies Europe and America with their favorite solace. All the world have come to the hongs of Canton for two centuries to gratify a taste that is at least new and altogether Oriental; and Asia has given to America its tea in exchange for tobacco. The tea hongs are warehouses piled up with thousands of chests of the valuable commodity. We are assured that the Chinese merchants are usually honest and careful, that the more expensive teas are always good, and that it is only the cheap kinds that are made up of refuse and prepared with minute deception for the foreign market. A pure tea, we are assured, can not be sold in England at less than about half a crown or seventy-five cents a pound. Gunpowder tea is manufactured with singular care. The fresh leaves of black tea are partially dried in the sun; they are next rolled with the palm of the hand or by the feet in a hempen bag; they are scorched in hot iron pans; and, inclosed in small bags, at last are kicked about in a room by the feet of coolies to reduce them to powder. They are next carefully picked over, scented, dried or scorched again, and then packed up for exportation. Canton, we are told, is not so thickly crowded as London; its walls are about six miles in circuit, but long suburbs of market-gardens, orchards, and parks surround it, and on the broad Pearl River and its outlets there live in boats or on the shores an immense population. The streets of the city are narrow, but often picturesque, the houses low, and the view over the range of roofs is only broken by the carved and gilded pinnacles of the temples, and a number of curious towers occupied by the pawnbrokers. The Chinese shop-keepers are noted for their politeness and intelligence. Frequently on entering a Canton shop you find its owner with a fan in one hand, a book in the other; nor does he notice his visitor until some inquiry is made or some article desired. The Chinese merchants contend with each other in making verses, and are sometimes cultivated in all the literature of the Flowery Land. The skill of their artisans in embroidery and hand-weaving



THE WILLOW-PATTERN BRIDGE.

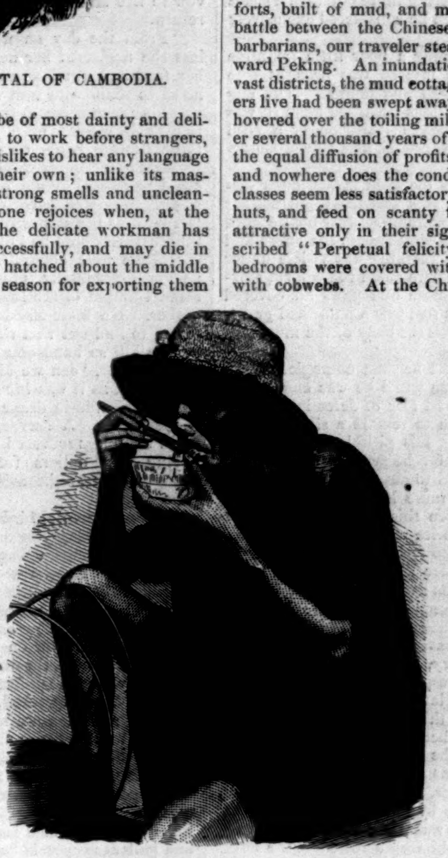
SCULPTURED TOWER IN NAKHON THOM, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CAMBODIA.

ANCIENT ARCH AT KEU-YUNG-KIVAN, NANKOW PASS.

is admirable, and for their scanty wages they produce articles of luxury and taste that no Western workman can rival. The Chinese operative lives content if he can escape the pangs of hunger and enjoy health and safety in the fair land which he believes to be a natural Eden. To live in China is happiness to the Chinese.

Mr. THOMSON takes us through gardens and groves, up rivers encircled with magnificent scenes; to Macao, Foo-chow, and Formosa; to Shanghai, stricken by a recent typhoon, sumptuous and splendid; through snowy valleys, pleasant villages, and lovely plains; and succeeds in presenting a clearer conception of Chinese life than can be found in any other book of travels. Cities, villages, and famous scenes glide by us in photographic clearness. He sailed in a Szechuan boat on the Upper Yang-tsze in the dead of winter, and was assailed with clods and stones by the villagers when he took photographic views of the Mi Tan Gorge. In fact, the magnificent scenery of China and the Chinese rivers can not be surpassed on the Hudson or the Columbia. But the photographer was surveyed by the people with no friendly eye. "I was frequently looked upon," he says, "as a forerunner of death—a sort of Nemesis, in fact—and I have seen unfortunates, stricken with superstitious dread, fall down on bended knees and beseech me not to take their likeness or their life with the fatal lens." But this, he thinks, might have happened in his own country not many years ago. We pass through Nanking, with walls twenty-two miles around, now half deserted, and wasted by the fallen porcelain tower, whose bricks are sold to the curious, along the Grand Canal, dilapidated and in parts destroyed by the floods of the Yellow River and the distresses of rebellion and war, and survey the fatal results of the inundations of the immense river as it rolls its muddy, dun-colored waters to the sea. Its irresistible current, shifting from channel to channel, has produced a wide scene of dreariness and desolation, and proved more fatal to vast districts of country than even wars and famine.

The silk culture, one of the chief industries of China, employs millions of its people. In the province of Shan-tung is produced the dark-colored fabric known as the "pongee" silk, and exported in large quantities. It is obtained from a wild black worm that feeds on a different kind of leaf from the mulberry. Raising silk-worms is a very difficult process, even in China, for the little worm is said to be of most dainty and delicate taste. It refuses to work before strangers, the Chinese say, and dislikes to hear any language less barbarous than their own; unlike its masters, it can not abide strong smells and uncleanly odors, and every one rejoices when, at the close of the season, the delicate workman has finished its labors successfully, and may die in peace. The eggs are hatched about the middle of April, and the best season for exporting them is in March or the beginning of April. The young worms when hatched are placed on bamboo frames and fed on mulberry leaves, cut up in small shreds. As the worms increase in size they are transferred to a larger number of frames, and are fed with leaves less finely prepared, and so the process continues, until at last the leaves are given to them entire. After hatching, the worms continue to eat during five days, and then sleep for the first time for two days. This process is repeated four times, when they reach their full strength, and begin to spin. They spin from four to seven days; these days are spent by the cultivator in stripping the silk from the cocoon, and perhaps seven days later he brings his silk harvest to the market, where it is sold to the trader and made up into balls. Noise, and interruption of all kinds, must be carefully kept from the busy worm. The process of silk culture occupies only a few weeks in spring, and is chiefly pursued by women and the younger members of the farmer's family.



CHINESE COOLIE.

From the mouth of the Peiho, beside the Taku forts, built of mud, and memorable for a fierce battle between the Chinese and the progressive barbarians, our traveler steamed up the river toward Peking. An inundation had just laid waste vast districts, the mud cottages in which the farmers live had been swept away, and want and death hovered over the toiling millions. In China, after several thousand years of study, the problem of the equal diffusion of profits has not been solved, and nowhere does the condition of the laboring classes seem less satisfactory. They live in mud huts, and feed on scanty food. The inns are attractive only in their signs. On one was inscribed "Perpetual felicity achieved," but its bedrooms were covered with filth and festooned with cobwebs. At the Chi-ho Gate of Peking the travelers paused to examine the vast Tartar capital which was so magnificent to the eyes of mediæval travelers familiar only with the rude cities of Europe, but which has slept unchanged since then, a monument of uncleanly conservatism. The high walls, the nine great gateways, the towers and moats, are still unaltered. A Tartar garrison holds the palace. The walls, wonderful proofs of ancient industry, are forty feet wide and forty feet high. To ancient tactics they seemed impregnable, but would totter and fall almost at the first discharge of modern artillery. They are decorated with mock guns. Vast crowds press over the wide and dusty streets, but the streets are clogged with caverns and pools of putrid mud, with unhealthy odors, and traces of neglect and folly. The shops are often bright with gilding, beautiful as a cabinet or a picture. Booths line the streets, filled with rare or common articles. Poverty and squalor haunt the faces of too many of the people of Peking. The crowds, the press, and the rush of camels and drays complete an uproar in the busy avenues that London scarcely equals. A perpetual fair seems to reign around. Yet the hotel offered our traveler only a bedroom chiefly built of mud, and which had lately been occupied by a small-pox patient. The city of Peking, or rather the Tartar portion of it, is laid out with almost perfect symmetry. The sacred purple avenue, or Broadway, opens through its midst. The streets run parallel to it or at right angles. But the houses are low, and the view over the city, as at Canton, is broken only by temples and the palace. Much of it is ruinous and dilapidated. Yet that taste for isolation and exclusiveness which has always marked this singular people, who, PLINY relates, turned away in aversion from their neighbors, and who repelled the Portuguese and Dutch as long as possible, is still evident in the Chinese palaces and homes. The emperor's palace is concealed from observation by a series of tall walls. Every family house in Peking is hidden in a wall of its own, avoids the eye of its neighbors, and permits no stranger to intrude beyond its outer passages. Yet within are often gardens adorned with rockeries, flowers, vases, water-works, dwarf shrubs, and the various favorite traits of Chinese luxury.

An immense temple of CONFUCIUS meets the eye; here is the National University on one side, here the Hall of the Classics. The Jesuits introduced a more scientific study of astronomy, and their instruments are still shown in the Imperial Observatory; but the Chinese circles of bronze are yet more wonderful for antiquity and size, and were probably new when MARCO POLO, in the thirteenth century, entered Peking. The vast capital is full of marvels, and years might be passed in its study. Our author was at last admitted into the interior of a Chinese home. The proprietor was a man of science, and had covered his walls with photographs and scientific instruments. The house was approached through a lane hedged in by high brick walls; a small doorway opened into the court; a low wall prevented the ingress of the spirits of the dead; halls, courts, and vine-covered porticoes, flowers, fish-ponds, bridges, pavilions, filled up the interior; the family lived in complete isolation, and seemed wholly lost in the bustle of the great city.

The amusements of the Chinese ladies, it seems, are gossiping, smoking, and gambling. In the morning they prepare their husbands' tea, and are not in perfect attire; but soon they take a pipe and devote themselves to their toilet, which fills up several hours. A white paste is laid upon the face and neck, a faint rose tinge is next applied to the cheeks and eyelids, the nails are dyed red, false hair is used, and the fair housewife next devotes herself to embroidery or gaming. Few of the Chinese ladies are educated, but some of them have poor widows to read novels to them, and opium-smoking is common among the fair. Letters are chiefly cultivated by ambitious students who aspire to political office, and the civil service examinations of China are conducted with a rigor and assiduity that would be more admirable if they had produced a higher class of statesmen. Failure awaits the vast majority, but the successful candidate is covered with such honors as may well arouse emulation.

PEKING OBSERVATORY—JESUIT INSTRUMENTS.

ANCIENT CHINESE ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS.